

News from
NATIVE CALIFORNIA

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Song

THE TRAINING OF A KASHAYA SINGER

CAHUILLA BIRD SONGS

TEACHING PAIUTE SONGS THE MODERN WAY

POMO DANCE SONGS



Acorn Processing with Julia Parker

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Cover photo: "Bear Dance 1987," poster by Jean LaMarr. Photo by Carla Hills.

EDITORS' NOTES

IT WAS SAID THAT IN THE OLD DAYS a person would have hundreds of songs. There were songs for gambling, for summoning spiritual allies, for hunting, for gathering particular plants, or for soothing a baby to sleep. There were dance songs, love songs, public songs that everyone knew and private songs that were "owned" by a particular singer or family. There were songs of great antiquity, passed down with care and scrupulous attention to detail by one generation to the next, and songs that seemed to burst almost spontaneously out of a stream or tree or out of a dream that would, almost like animals looking for a home, attach themselves to singers.

News from Native California is pleased to devote a section of this issue to current California Indian singing. Leanne Hinton, our language columnist, introduces it with an article that reflects on her experiences when accompanying a group of Ipai people from Southern California into Mexico. Vicki Patterson offered to forego her usual education column to write, with the help of Frances Jack and Mitchell Jack, a detailed and intimate analysis of Pomo dance songs; while Frank LaPena offered a couple of poems on singing instead of his usual art column. We are grateful for their contributions to this special feature on singing; our regular language, education and art columns will resume in the next issue, unless (of course) we get carried away on another theme. Any suggestions?

On another note (no pun intended), the California Indian Conference is coming to Berkeley, November 4-6. On Saturday, November 5, *News from Native California* is hosting a reception for Indians and their families at 7 p.m. Following that, at 8:30 p.m., there will be a general reception for all subscribers and friends. Details will be available at the conference. Hope to see many of you there.

THE G-O ROAD CASE: An Update

Stephen Quesenberry

In 1989, the Forest Service will again take up the question, in the context of its management of the Six Rivers National Forest, whether to complete construction of the last six-mile segment of the Gasquet-Orleans Road (the G-O Road). In order to render a decision one way or the other, the Forest Service will have to address the environmental issues through preparation of either a new Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) or a supplemental EIS. Those who oppose the construction of the G-O Road may express their opposition, in writing, to the two key Forest Service officials who will be making that decision. Their names and addresses are indicated below:

Paul Barker, Regional Forester
U.S. Forest Service
630 Sansome Street
San Francisco, CA 94111

Jim Davis, Supervisor
Six Rivers National Forest
507 "F" Street
Eureka, CA 95501

On the legislative side, efforts to get S.2250, the bill to amend the American Indian Religious Freedom Act of 1978 (AIRFA), through Congress this year have

been shelved. There were some Indian constituencies at the national level who felt that the amendments were not comprehensive enough and should be broadened. The Native American Rights Fund, working in conjunction with the No-GO Support Committee, is urging the Senate Select Committee on Indian Affairs to schedule hearings on the AIRFA amendments as soon as possible in 1989.

Finally, on the local front, the Indian people are in the process of forming an advocacy committee that will contact California congressional representatives and provide them with information on Indian religious concerns and needs as these relate to the AIRFA amendments. The committee would serve as a liaison between the legislative representatives and those local Indian people who would be directly and most significantly affected by completion of the G-O Road.

The struggle continues on all fronts and there is a need for people, both Indian and non-Indian alike, to keep their energy and spirits focused and high. Each letter written to a Forest Service official or congressional representative is an important link in this worthy effort.

Stephen Quesenberry is director of litigation for California Indian Legal Services.



SONG:



OVERCOMING THE LANGUAGE BARRIER

Leanne Hinton

ONCE YEARS AGO, I went along with a group of Ipais from San Diego to go visit the Kiliwas in Baja California. The Kiliwas live in the Arroyo Leon, located in the foothills south of Valle Trinidad in the heart of northern Baja. Nowadays, the paved peninsular highway goes through Valle Trin-

idad, cutting away its previous solitude. But back then, the Kiliwas were very isolated, both geographically and socially.

Their dealings with Mexican institutions had not been particularly happy. It was a constant battle to keep their land base from being completely eroded away by the various surrounding interests. During the Mexican Revolution, Kiliwa men were known as great fighters, but over half died in a massacre, and since they had fought with a radical fringe group that never gained any power in the new government, the winning party never gave recognition or reparation to their families. Embittered and ignored by the rest of Baja California, the tribe was alienated socially and economically from the Mexican mainstream.

Some people left to work in the towns, but those who stayed lived almost completely without money—they built thatch homes, depended largely on wild foods, and, for the most part, spoke no Spanish. At the time of our visit, there were only nineteen Kiliwas in Arroyo Leon, and only a few spoke Spanish fluently. From the point of view of our overpopulated cities here on the other side of the border, it boggles the imagination to think what it must be like to have only eighteen other people in one's entire social universe with whom one can communicate.

But wait. Did I say communicate? Language is only one form of communication. One of the many things I learned on that wonderful journey was how many ways there are to communicate. And what I learned most stunningly was how important music is as a form of communication.

Speaking presented an interesting translation problem. None of the Ipais knew Spanish; none of the Kiliwas knew English. Some of the Kiliwas knew a little Spanish, and one or two of us English speakers also spoke some



Diegueño man Rafael Charley from Mesa Grande in Tathula dance regalia, 1907. Photo by Edward H. Davis, courtesy of Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation.

Spanish. When the Ipai elders wished to say something, they spoke in the Ipai tongue; one of the younger Ipais translated it into English; someone else translated that into Spanish; and one of the Kiliwas would then say it in their language. Who knows how many meaning transformations a given speech went through!

But maybe the mishaps of translation through four languages weren't all that important, for most of the language talk was formal and polite, and the main message was surely understood: I respect you, I feel kinship with you, I am glad to be here with you.

People didn't spend all that much time trying to talk to each other. Most of the time together was taken up with other forms of communication: gesture, smiles, touch, eating and drinking together, and dancing and singing.

Singing together. These two tribes shared no language in common, and the individual representatives of the tribes who were at this gathering had never seen each other before. Yet they all knew the same songs. And those songs which weren't the same nevertheless belonged to the same genres that were so well known to both tribes that singing along was easy.

All night long the singers from the two tribes sang the Bird Songs, and all night long the party formed their opposing lines and danced back and forth beside the fires and lanterns out there under the summer stars in a black, black sky.

You can't help but realize, as you are dancing back and forth, vibrating with music, that this form of intertribal communication has been important for thousands and thousands of years. Song overcoming the barriers of language and creating unity, asserting kinship. We see it going on all over Native California. Today we can see it in the intertribal powwows of the California urban centers, attended by people from tribes all over the country. It has been going on for a long time in the White Deer Skin Dance of northwestern California, where Yurok, Karok, Hupa, and Tolowa traditionally come together; and the Bear Dance of the Maidu, Pit River and Northern Paiute tribes in eastern California.

Thus, many song types are universally known in large geographic areas by people speaking many different languages. The Bird Songs are known by all the southern California tribes from the banks of the Colorado River to the Pacific Ocean, as are the songs of the hand game, Peyon. Songs can travel fast from group to group. They can be traded just about as

Spirit Singer Praising

Time is
mist and fog
a highway

Some
have the gift
of singing

See the
world
and feel the
need
for praying

Spirit singer
praising
wonders
and delights

Praying stars
and moonlight
lifted
by the sun

Spirit singer
praising
one
all one
as one

Frank LaPena



Group of Diegueños playing a stick game, 1907. Photo by Edward H. Davis, courtesy of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation.

easily as a basket, or a bundle of corn, or a string of dentalium shell beads. People all over California know the songs of many tribes, and can sing them well. Some songs became widely distributed so long ago that no one knows which tribe they started from. Others, traded perhaps a hundred years ago or less, are of well-known origin from a specific tribe, often with a fine story attached as to how the songs got to one's own community.

The best story I know about song travel is the one the Havasupais tell about their Horse Songs. The Havasupais live in northern Arizona, in the Grand Canyon. In the winters, they would camp on the plateaus above the canyon. One time in the early nineteenth century, Navajos raided a Havasupai camp and carried off a baby boy. A Navajo family adopted that boy and raised him as their own.

"Singer" painting by Frank LaPena.
30" x 40", 1980. Photo by Carla Hills.



But as a young adult, the boy found out about his origins and decided to go home to his people. When he arrived at the Havasupai camp, he dressed and rode like a Navajo, and spoke only Navajo. But he folded his arms and he wept. So the Havasupais knew him for a friend and took him down off his horse and welcomed him. He lived with them the rest of his life. One of the gifts he brought for the Havasupais was a set of songs, changed now but still recognizable as being from the Navajo Blessingway. The Havasupais have sung these ever since and call them the Horse Songs.

Now that English serves as a lingua franca in California, language communication between tribes is not so limited. But it is easy to imagine the old days a couple of hundred years ago, when visits between tribes were generally like the meeting between the Ipai and the Kiliwa—a very special time, where feelings are warm but words are difficult; but the singing can flow and flow.

This is one reason, no doubt, why so many Indian songs have no real words. Words are barriers to unity; words separate people, sort them out by language and by opinion. But music unifies. Songs without words are vocal music in its purest form, music that brings people from different tribes together, brings out their fundamental unity, and communicates that important message far better than language ever can; I respect you, I feel kinship with you, I am happy to be here with you.

Leanne Hinton is an associate professor in the Linguistics Department at the University of California at Berkeley. She is also the director of the Survey of California and Other Indian Languages, a project of Berkeley's Linguistics Department.



SHÓQOWA KE: HOPLAND POMO DANCE SONGS

Victoria Patterson, Frances Jack
and Mitchell Jack

Although much of what we have to say about dance songs is true throughout Pomo country, we call our work *Shóqowa Ke* because it is from a Hopland perspective that the songs are discussed and explained. *Shóqowa* refers to the name that some native people of Hopland in southeastern Mendocino County use to refer to themselves and *Ke* means song or dance in their language.

At the present time, dance songs, along with grass game songs, constitute the largest body of traditional songs for Hopland singers. Both kinds of songs are composed of syllables, words, and phrases which have no literal meaning to the singers, dancers or audience. Other songs, like love songs, doctor songs, and story songs which depend on an understanding of their words are not remembered as well.

Although sacred Weya songs and love songs can be deliberately composed, dreamed or gifted by a spirit power, dance songs are passed down with very little modification. They are repetitive and form a finite body of music to which it would be nearly impossible to add anything new. According to Hopland singers, there are so many dance songs already, it is not necessary to compose new ones.

The dance songs sung at public performances are characterized by their tempo, which identifies a song with a particular dance, and by tradition, which recognizes a particular text as appropriate to a certain dance. At a public performance, dance songs are sung in accordance with a prescribed sequence of events.

The performance starts with a *maw ke* or 'sit-down song' as the audience settles in. *Maw* in the Central Pomo language means to gather together, 'quiet-like, down-like,' as sheaves of grass lay when cut. These songs also help the singers to warm up their voices. The singers continue singing 'sit-down' songs until



Hopland Pomo singers Jeff Joaquin (left), Frances Jack's father, and David Joaquin (right), Frances Jack's brother, ca. 1935. Photo courtesy of Frances Jack.

the dancers signal they are ready to begin. Then the singers stand and start the *q'omdiw ke*, the 'coming-out song.' The women dancers stand in a line and sway from side to side as each male dancer appears at the center, does a double step, and takes his place in a circle, facing away from the audience until the Rock Man, the dance caller, starts the dance proper.

The two most popular dances done today are the two-step *yo ke* and the faster, one-step *ho ho ke*. Fifty years ago, dance performances included many more specific dances and songs like the *qhajáha ke* (whiskey songs), *i'jol* (a heavy bounce step dance), *mómi* (special dance), rest songs, midnight songs, and finishing-up songs, among others.

Although changing the context and order of songs (like changing the tempo of a 'sit-down' song to a *yo ke* in a performance or ending with *mómi* instead of a finishing-up song) is acceptable, a new song cannot be introduced. Songs are passed on from one singer to another in a deliberate teaching or are learned by listening to singers perform. Songs can be repeated by anyone who hears them although they are frequently identified with a particular singer who is associated with a special version or who expresses an affinity for a particular song or song fragment. Joking and songplay particular to one family's or rancheria's common experience identify songs through puns on members' names or words that sound like song syllables. One song, for example, is jokingly referred to by Hopland singers, in English, as the 'dog-food song' because a prominent word in it sounds like the Central Pomo words for dog and food (*hayu ma'a*).

A dance song consists primarily of two parts: a series of repetitive syllables known as the *samá* or 'handle' in English and the *bayól* or *bayóch'* (*bayól* is the preferred term), a change in the rhythm by the introduction of contrasting word and phrase-like sounds. The *samá* is heard as the verse, the primary element and the song's identifying lyrics. The *bayól* is like a chorus. The words *bayóch'* and *bayól* can be used in English constructions as verbs or nouns, i.e., "Now we're gettin' ready to *bayól*," "How you *bayól*?" "Now comes the *bayóch'*."

The song begins with the *samá*. The tone of the song rises before the *bayól*. This rise is called *ts'iijaqach'*. It can indicate a *bayól* by itself, without a change in words although it usually corresponds with a word change. The *bayól* is repeated twice in the song interspersed with the *samá*. The *bayól* ends with an extra syllable added to allow the transition back to the rhythm of the *samá*. The *ts'iijaqach'* and the *bayól* cue the Rock Man to start the dancing. Singers do not sing the *samá* portion of a song too long at its beginning because the dancers get restless waiting for the *bayól* so that they can start to dance.

The singers can stop the song on either the *bayól* or the *samá* portions. They stop whenever they feel ready. The end of the song is called *ja qaw*. "Ya huy ya" ends any kind of song. Its finish is acknowledged by the audience with a long sigh, "Ooo."

There is a clear recognition in the Hopland Pomo tradition of individuals who are good singers and those who are not. There is also the category of real singers, those who are the real thing, who sing the real songs. One distinction is based on natural talent, the other on training but both are necessary for someone to be considered a professional singer. A professional may be a man or a woman and the same criteria of competence adhere to both although, it is said, "a woman's voice always gets the best of the men."

A good singer has the voice for it and is able to create a feeling to dance in dancers and audience. A good singer has a quiver voice, a vibrato that is highly regarded. A quiver voice, *ch'adéch'adew*, is natural or can be created by pounding on the chest. A quiver is regarded as a sign of singing proficiency in many cultures. It is a sound difficult to acquire and one that replicates the motion of dancing in the voice. It has been suggested that its value lies in its interpretation as the audible manifestation of the power that invests everything, the breath of life. A good singer also has a voice loud in volume and clear in diction. It is necessary to "hear the words."

A good voice can be acquired if it has not been inherited. A person who really wants to sing will develop a quiver voice. By the same

token, an innate good voice can be suddenly lost through aging, illness or by breaking the rules.

A person who is not a good singer sings "just straight" with "no raise in pitch" (*mqáqadoch' ts'iijaqacho'o*). The song, as a result, doesn't sound "true" (*duliúga*). This rise or higher tone is incorporated into the structure of each dance song as described earlier and is what makes women's voices sound so good to Pomo ears. Incompetent dancing, by the way, is also characterized as "stiff" or "straight," not loose and relaxed the way it should be.

To be a real singer, however, one must demonstrate correct knowledge of the repertoire associated with dancing as well as having a good voice. The repertoire is finite and the ability consists of memorizing correct versions of songs and applying them in appropriate contexts. This knowledge carries the additional implication of a familiarity with an older (and, again by implication, more legiti-

mate) tradition. The age and associated realness of the tradition is redefined by each generation and each redefinition has in common its difference from contemporary practice. Therefore, real singers can only be older tribal members who remember what they heard in their youth or young people whose training can be traced directly to a real singer.

One other important requirement for an individual to become a singer is desire. As mentioned earlier, the natural talent inherent in a good voice can actually be willed. A person must take an interest in it. Only then will the individual spend time and focus attention on listening to and learning the songs and adhere to the ceremonial practices and performances of them which includes the responsibility of both exhibiting competence and passing the tradition on.

Both Mitchell Jack and Frances Joaquin Jack come from families of professional traditional Hopland Pomo singers and dancers. Victoria Patterson worked with them as well as with Mr. Jack's mother, Alice Connor Elliott, and his sister, Florence Anderson, to prepare a written explanation of the singing tradition in order to pass it on to younger singers under an initial grant from the Melville and Elizabeth Jacobs Research Fund.

Vicki Patterson is the coordinator of Compensatory Education and a teacher in the Willits Unified School District in Mendocino County. She has been associated with Indian and bilingual education programs since 1969 and is the author of articles and curriculum material about California Indian ethnohistory.

Mitchell Jack at Nechako Studios, 1983. Photo by Vicki Patterson.



Yo Ke

Sung by Mitchell Jack, Frances Jack,
Alice Elliott, August 26, 1983

SAMÁ: Héyo an héyo ho
Héyo an héyo ha
Héyo an héyo ho
Héyo an héyo ha
BAYÓL: Héyo o wáthe hey hapa
Hábaa yóche hey chúshiy
Mádi kwáteyhey mani hapa
Hábaa yóche hey chúshiyha
SAMÁ: Héyo an héyo ho
Héyo an héyo ha
Héyo an héyo ho
Héyo an héyo ha
BAYÓL: Héyo o wáthe hey
Hába yóche hey
Mádi kwátey hey
Hába yóche hey ha
SAMÁ: Héyo an héyo ho
Héyo an héyo ha
a hey hey

* Note: Although letters that look like English are used to spell Central Pomo words and dance song syllables, the letters are not pronounced like English. A separate pronunciation guide can be obtained from Victoria Patterson.

Frances Jack recording Pomo dance songs at the Nechako Recording Studio in Ukiah, 1983. Photo by Vicki Patterson.





HOW I LEARNED TO SING

Publisher's Note: Bernice Torrez is a Kashaya Pomo singer and the daughter of the well-known spiritual leader, Essie Parrish. Bernice was interviewed in 1986 by Roberta Llewellyn, a journalist and assistant recorder for the Oral History Documentary of Pomo People compiled by Vic Bedoian, radio producer and journalist. Portions of this interview first appeared on radio station KPFA, Berkeley.

From the beginning, I understand before I was born, my aunts and my father have told me there were rumors that there would be not an ordinary child that was born to the shaman. [The shaman Bernice speaks of was her mother, Essie Parrish.] This child was foreordained; to help her in her doctorings, in her singings, in her preachings or whatever she was foreordained to do on earth. This child would be inspired, and that was me.

They said that my first, while I was in the basket, they said my first words, apparently my mother was still with me, she left when I was a year old, she said my first words were "Hoh oh weyah," which means 'the spirit of light.' So, they knew then there had to be something to it, something about my birth that was not ordinary.

Whenever, as I grew older, my aunts and uncle taught me the songs, all different types of songs, that was for ordinary doctoring, what we call earthly songs for doctoring, you see, they're not dream songs, they're not like the shaman songs that they pick up in dreams, in their dreams when they go into heaven to doctor with; but these are what we call the ordinary songs, the earthly songs, and when they taught me those songs they didn't have to sing it too many times, I grabbed it right now and I put it away. Whatever kinds of songs that were for pubescent girls, for that kind of doctoring songs. So, they will not be affected, so they can walk, to drink the water, to eat the salt, to eat the meat, to eat the first fruits. . . .

They said that they were giving me these songs and they would sing them. My uncle would sing men's songs, what they call *Doo Wae*, they are only sung by men, but for some reason or another he would teach me these songs. He would teach me some deer songs, what they sing to become good hunters, and it was funny about the deer songs where he'd say: "You don't sing these songs because you'll go crazy, you'll go insane if you don't say the right words while you're singing it," and at the same time he taught, he would sing it so I could pick it up, but he didn't really say "You couldn't sing this" but he used to warn me about it.

There were dancing songs, what we also called the earthly, handed down in tradition. They were taken from the mountains. The men would go into the mountains and fast: four days and four nights, and then they would hear these songs for dancing and they received the songs through, as the wind was blowing

through the leaves and the bushes and whistling through they heard words, and they heard the tunes and these were called earthly. And when they went to the mountains, they probably had a vision. The songs were taken from Mt. St. Helena, and they would go to other mountains, what we call Las Lomas Mountains and what we call Sunno. They went in there and saw birds, they heard singing and dancing, whistles, a rattler, clappers and people dancing. Well, what they thought were people were animals. The deer dancing, the birds were dancing, they were singing the same songs they'd heard on Mt. St. Helena and I was taught those songs.

Now, the voice, it was commented that I have a very powerful voice.

There is a reason for this. To begin with, the

Pomo—I don't know if all the Pomos—but the Kashaya Pomo people believe that if a child swallows a cricket, we could sing all night long like the cricket. It was told that if you did this to a child, the child will become a very good singer, and their voice will not give way in between, before finished. Now, somebody gave me, I

think my grandmother, I was so young I don't remember who, gave me this bug. I always thought it was a cricket, because that's the only thing they give to a child alive, and that thing went scratching down my throat, poor little thing, fighting for its life, but I swallowed it, I was told to swallow it, so I swallowed it.

They said, oh yes, I remember now, I'm telling you as a child now, they said, "This is for your voice, this is for your voice." I still don't remember who gave it to me, maybe it was my aunt who died, my father doesn't believe that I remember when she died. It may have been her. My aunt took care of me when my mother [Essie Parrish] left me. I was a year old when she left, then my aunt took care of me. My aunt died of T.B. or cancer, or some-



Bernice Torrez drumming and singing at a Kashaya Pomo Hoop Dance ceremony.



Bernice and her husband Lazaro Torrez in 1987.

thing, but it may have been her that gave it to me. I remember that thing going down scratching, fighting for its life and they said, "This is for your voice, swallow it." I always gave that little bug credit, you know, for my voice.

At first that's what I did and then later on in life, I remember at the Indian Fair in Santa Rosa, I came from Salinas and I sang some songs and I was singing real loud, and people came flocking. You see my mother

voice back" and they came flocking to this place where I was singing, I was singing in the back, and they said, "Where's Essie? She got well, wow." These were her relatives. I was at the microphone and they came up and said, "That was you? You know what, we thought that was Essie. That was your mother we heard!" Well, later on I found out I had her voice, you see, but you have to practice it. Between the little cricket and my mother I guess I finally got it!

They teach us about this voice, that you have to; you see, our disease is alive, it's alive. Our songs, the song that I sang is one of that kind of song, it's a coming out song. It is the earthly disease song. O.K. then, when we command the disease to leave, I say, "Come on disease, let's get out of there. Who are you? Who are you?" You have to train our voice, you talk to it, while you're praying to our Big Man Coyote. We also prepare our body, we condition our body; we ask our father to condition our body so that we can talk to that disease, and we can do whatever we want with that disease.

lost her voice for about fifteen years before she passed away and this was in the 1970s, and they said, "That's Essie, Essie got her

LEARNING ANCIENT SONGS USING MODERN METHODS

Ray Moisa

Chris LaMarr is a senior at the University of California, Berkeley, majoring in Native American Studies. In addition to his full academic curriculum, Chris has recently become an apprentice to an old friend, Gordon Crutcher, learning traditional Paiute Shoshone songs through a unique program designed to preserve California's diverse cultural traditions.

"In Susanville we have the Bear Dance and we'd go to powwows every so often," Chris explains. "I would hear these songs at the hand games and it seemed to me they had this mystique about them. But it was always the elders singing; it wasn't the young ones. Maybe something like this can help turn it around, because when the elders pass on they will take a big part of the culture with them and the rest of us will be in trouble. I can say nothing but good things about this program."

"This program" is the Traditional Folk Arts Program, instituted by the California Arts Council (CAC), which awards grants ranging from \$1,500 to \$2,500 to pairs of individuals—an experienced traditional folk artist and an apprentice—who wish to carry on folk art forms that may otherwise be forgotten.

The Traditional Folk Arts Program seems ideally suited to California Indians. The program defines folk arts as those that have developed through time and have been handed down from one generation to the next among people who share membership in the same tribal, ethnic, religious, occupational, or regional group. Indeed, out of the nineteen master artist-apprentice partnerships awarded the first grants in July of this year, eight were to California Indians.

Paiute singer Gordon Crutcher remembers the old days. "A long time ago, when I was a boy at my reservation, the people would sing and dance from Christmas Eve all the way to New Year's, starting with the evening dancing and going on all night till sunrise." He is quiet for a moment, reflective, perhaps seeing something new in an unfaded memory. "You know, the old ones know the songs, but the younger ones don't. When I finish this grant with Chris I'm going to try to get another one to teach a small group of younger people, those under ten years old."

Interestingly, the program conforms to a cultural norm dealing with the teaching of songs among the Paiute. According to Gordon, songs were bought, or traded among his people. A song was a personal possession, an indi-

vidual creation, perhaps inspired by an incident that occurred to the singer. If someone owned a song that another person admired and wanted to learn, a trade was offered to the owner. In effect, Gordon is selling his songs to Chris, and the CAC grant is the payment.

As far as Gordon is concerned, the Traditional Folk Arts Program fills a tremendous need in his community, and for traditional peoples throughout the state. "I think the program is a great idea," Gordon explains. "There's a big gap in the knowledge of the old ways. It encourages the older people to teach their songs to those who are younger who may not get them otherwise."

So much of our native culture, such as singing, is fragile and susceptible to loss because it's based in the oral tradition, and not in the written word. For Chris, language is one of the most important things native people have. "If we lose our language," he wonders, "how are we going to communicate with the Great Spirit?"

The Traditional Folk Arts Program is remarkable for defying the conventional bureaucratic program model. Most importantly, the grants go directly to individuals and not to organizations. The applicant does not need the backing of an entire bureaucratic

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Looking back on our second year of publication, we are pleased at the interest we have seen from many people, Indians and non-Indians alike, in Native California cultures. It is truly heartwarming to discover a reawakening of our native cultures taking place throughout the state. And we know you share this spirit with us.

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superstructure to have access to funds.

The grants are to be used for the master artist's fees, materials, and travel. But for a master artist who may be an elder living on social security, a \$2,500 grant reported to the IRS would no doubt adversely affect social security income. In these cases, the program allows the master artist to designate another individual in whose name the contract is to be awarded.

The program allows a good deal of flexibility in the length of apprenticeship and the proposed workplan. Although it is expected that most apprenticeships will last a few

it stays with you. Often, certain ones will catch your ear, depending on your mood, or what's going to be right for you that day. Those stay with you best."

The review criteria employed by the program in evaluating the grant applications are clear and straightforward. Applications are judged on the traditionality of the artform, followed by the artistic excellence and teaching ability of the master, followed by a shared membership by master and apprentice in the cultural or tribal life of the community wherein the folk art originates.

The Traditional Folk Arts Program as a



Lake Pomo dancers and singers. Traditional arts are usually passed on through family or other kinship lines. Photo by Lee Brumbaugh, California Indian Project.

months to a year, allowances are made for the individuals, the artform and cultural conditions that do not conform to the bureaucratic framework.

Chris and Gordon find this aspect of the program most helpful. For Chris, with his school work there just isn't much time these days to spend directly with Gordon learning the songs. So in the summer, master and apprentice got together as much as possible and during that time Gordon made cassette tapes of the songs for Chris to listen to during the semester while they were apart. "I listen to the songs on tape," Chris explains, "sometimes while I'm studying. It's very relaxing, it takes me away from the world around me and puts me in another place, back home."

Gordon is likewise pleased with the program's flexibility. The fact that his particular skill and instructions are so easily transportable on cassette makes a big difference. "I tell Chris to listen to the songs at a special time of day, first thing in the morning is best, that way

whole is wonderfully attentive to the unique requirements of each individual master artist-apprentice partnership, the special circumstances of the traditional artform, and the community's own standards of what is beautiful, well done, and useful. "Our goal is to assist individuals within cultural communities in their own efforts to conserve artistic authority and control over their traditional artforms," says Barbara LaPan Rahm, manager of the Traditional Folk Arts Program. "You tell us what makes sense to you and what is important to your community in this expression, and we'll try to make the program work for you."

Other master artist-apprentice teams from Native California who have received grants include Albert Gray, who will teach Thomas O'Rourke the traditional Yurok songs for the jump dance, brush dance and woodgathering; Lawrence McCoy, who will teach Diane Ortiz how to identify, gather and care for the materials used in making twined and coiled Pomo baskets; Lanny Pinola, who will teach Homer

Two People

The two faces belong
to closed eyes
with pulled
low hats

Every now and then
a puff on the cigarette
shows they are still
awake

A laugh
or smile
lets us know how
easy is their
friendship

And how
much the same
are the songs
they sing
and the people
they've both known

But one is from Cortina
and the other Grindstone
and they are waiting
for the dancers
on the second day

To listen to them
singing
is to forget
their aged bodies
and weak eyes

They recreate
a vision without age
uniting
ceremony, spirit
shadow and light

Frank LaPena



What It Is To Laugh What It Is To Sing

As a singer
I have noticed the
natural ease
of laughter

the elders'
way of including
all and sharing
with them

I can recall the
beginning of such
a "big time"

In my mind I see
those people coming
down in the canyon
to "kosputen"

It is said they
announced their
coming, by singing

They came in song
telling the people
who they were

And in their
sharing they
learned
what it
was to give

What it
was to laugh
what it
was to sing

Frank LaPena

Cordova the traditional feather dance of the Coastal Pomo; and Rosalie Valencia, who will teach Donna Largo traditional Cahuilla basketmaking.

The program is extraordinarily sensitive to traditional values. Some of the grants have gone to parent/child partnerships, or to members of the same family, recognizing that this is traditionally how songs and other artforms are passed down from one generation to the next. For example, Loren Brommelyn with his grant is teaching his brother, William, the Tolowa dance feather songs. Dorothy Stanley will use her grant to teach Miwok coiled basket techniques to her daughter Jennifer Bates.

Kathleen Smith first heard about the program last December when she received an application in the mail. She has no idea who submitted her name as a possible applicant, but she's grateful they did. Kathleen's mother, Lucy Smith, is a Pomo basketweaver of some renown, and Kathleen saw the program as a wonderful opportunity that presented itself at the right time.

"My mother's mother, Rosa Bill Locinto, was a wonderful basketweaver. She would take me to gather materials and we fully expected that I would learn from her. In the Pomo tradition the right way to learn is from someone in your family, your mother or your grandmother. But the year I was to learn from her she passed away, and I didn't think I would ever learn after that.

"My mother was exposed to it when she was growing up. She would gather the materials with her mother's mother, and eventually she learned basketweaving, but she also had to raise a family of eight kids. That left very little time for teaching basketweaving to us." Kathleen plans to make a coil basket and a twine basket, for seaweed gathering or acorn

leaching, which is a traditional skill she practices in her work as a ranger at the Kule Loklo Miwok Cultural Exhibit Program at Point Reyes National Seashore. "I also want to do a canoe basket, which was the type my grandmother Rosa Bill did a lot of. That would be something in her honor, in her memory."

In the first round of awards in July, a total of \$41,500 was disbursed by the Traditional Folk Arts Program to nineteen grantees, a small budget, to be sure, by most state and federal standards. But the program managers in Sacramento have a vested interest in keeping it small and low-key at this point. As with everything else about the program, they are trying to move very wisely in these beginning stages, wanting to do it right, watching closely to see how the demand presents itself and where the greatest interest is. It's almost as if Sacramento understands what a precious thing our traditional cultures are, and is doing its best to handle the situation with the utmost care.

"The dominant culture's voraciousness is so overwhelming," says Program Manager Rahm, speaking with the sensitivity of a true believer. "We don't stand a chance unless we lock arms together. I feel like someone piling up sandbags before a flood of homogeneity, and if I can succeed in staving off the flood for just a little while longer, I'll feel pretty damn good about this project."

If you would like to apply for a master artist-apprentice grant under the Traditional Folk Arts Program, you may request an application from Barbara LaPan Rahm, California Arts Council, 1901 Broadway, Sacramento, CA 95814, or call (916) 445-1530. The application deadline is November 23, 1988.

Ray Moisa is a Bay Area freelance writer and managing editor of *News from Native California*.

FIRST VOICES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Paul Apodaca

At the end of each May there is a gathering of Southern California Indians at the Morongo Indian Reservation. At these gatherings traditional "Bird Songs" are performed during the day-time. In the evening, after the casual tourists have departed, the locals gather up at a fire and the entire ceremonial cycle of songs is rendered. This is accompanied by a Pëon game, a

traditional gambling game of California.

California Indian music sounds ancient. Though it is not part of anthropological thought that man originated in the Americas, it is my opinion that this music sounds more like aboriginal forms heard from Australia and Africa than from the Americas. The rhythms are incredibly complicated which further compounds the mystery. That the singers do not know the meanings of all the words, attribute the songs to the "First People" and regard

the unknown words as part of an ancient language intrigues those who inquire. The fact that many tribes, spread over a geographically wide area and speaking considerably different dialects and languages sing this body of songs creates an absolute enigma.

As a filmmaker and curator of folk art at Bowers Museum in Santa Ana, I had built up a backlog of video and audio tape, recording a variety of tribesmen singing "Bird Songs." During these recording trips I had made friends with several of the singers and approached them about putting together a museum exhibit at the Bowers centered around the songs. To my great pleasure they agreed.

Ernest Siva, Ph.D. is Serrano/Cahuilla and an ethnomusicologist at UCLA. Ernest has spent his life learning the music of his tribes



Traditional Cahuilla ceremonial enclosure. Photo by Edward Curtis, ca. 1924. Courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution.

and their relations and agreed to work as a consultant for the project. The Bowers Museum donated a VCR to the Malki Museum at Morongo and I made copies of all tapes I had made over the years and presented them to the Malki.

Bowers Museum Exhibit Designer Paul Johnson designed an environment with no walls or straight lines, using terraced islands with plants to interpret the hills, rivers and valleys of Southern California. My own interest in technology and media prompted the use of large screen projectors, audio tape narrations and soundtracks. The design of the exhibit culminated in a multi-tiered video theatre where visitors could watch a 15-minute performance of "Bird Songs" recorded on three different reservations and demonstrating four tribal approaches to the music.

Through the cooperation of Sherry Doyle and Steven Le Blanc, the Southwest Museum in Highland Park loaned artifacts and photographic images for the presentation. Artifacts were chosen to demonstrate the similarity of

life ways in Southern California with differences attributed to tribal adaption to varied geography and natural resources. The gallery was divided into four areas: coastal, inland, desert and Colorado River region. Each section contained appropriate maps and diagrams of tribal areas, linguistic districts and activity areas where "Bird Songs" are still performed. The maps were produced with laser printers combined with computer assisted drafting programs on a Macintosh Plus computer. The oldest music and art forms of California were thus promoted by the newest technologies available.

The exhibition, named "Most Innovative Exhibition of 1987" by the Southern California press, began a five-year archival program of California Indian music for the museum. Recently the museum has joined with the Library of Congress Federal Cylinder Dissemination Program to bring early recordings of California Indian music back to those reservations and communities that can revive and continue a true treasure of California.



Bird Singers at Morongo Reservation, May 1987. Photo by Paul Apodaca.



Luiseño man in eagle feather skirt and feathered headband, holding steatite, or 'sucking' tubes for ceremonial Feather Dance. In the background is the ceremonial enclosure. Photo courtesy of Southwest Museum Photo Archive.

Demonstrating cooperation between museums, indigenous people, and technologies was a goal of the project. That we have stimulated interest in the subject is evident. We hope there will always be a place where we, the children of California, can listen to the wisdom and beauty of California's First Voices.

Paul Apodaca (Navajo/Mexican) is a curator of folk art at the Bowers Museum in Santa Ana. Paul was raised with art and music and culture as staples to nourish his development.

Mountain Maidu and the Art of Translation

William Shipley

The Mountain Maidu—or, simply, the Maidu—lived, in the times before the Euroamericans came, in the northern part of the Sierra Nevada. Numbering not more than an estimated 1500 persons, they occupied a roughly triangular area with one corner at Mount Lassen, another corner somewhere east of Susanville, and the third somewhere south of Quincy. The Maidu language is closely related to that of the Konkow who lived in and

around the Feather River canyon and in parts of the eastern Sacramento Valley. A third closely related language is Nisenan, spoken to the south in a large area between Sacramento and Desolation Valley.

In the 1950s, I spent several summers with some of the last fluent speakers of the Mountain Maidu language. Although their homeland had been invaded by whites during the gold rush over a century before and even though

there was no one then alive who could clearly remember the times before that invasion, the Maidu language was still known to a good many people, several of whom spoke it fluently. Among the fluent speakers, those whom I had the pleasure of knowing were: Lena Thomas Benner and her daughter Maym Gallagher, Nellie Peck, Roxie Peconom, her daughter Leone Morales and her son George Peconom, and Dan Williams.

The Theft of Fire

As day broke over the land,
Old Man Thunder set out,
going to steal fire.
And going, they say,
he came to the land where people lived.
He stole their fire.

Now, the rain bore him, going.

And he looked out over the land
and he saw the smoke of many fires
drifting up.
And then, seeking them out, he stole them.
And he kept on stealing them
until he had stolen them from each and every place
where people lived.

And then, carrying them to his house,
when he had carried them there,
he stayed.

He stayed,
being very warm, they say.
His house was wonderfully warm.

And so,
he searched for someone to hire.

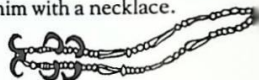
He asked,
and when he asked, Nighthawk said:

"I am one who will not go to sleep.



I'm not one who goes to sleep,"
said Nighthawk.

So then Old Man Thunder paid him with a necklace.
He benecklaced him, they say.



And they stayed there
and, standing guard at the smokehole of the lodge,
Nighthawk talked on and on.

But then there was no fire anyplace else
and people couldn't make fire.

And so the leaders of the people hired this Magpie.

When they had shot deer, prepared the meat
and spread it down,
Magpie stared at it.

As he kept staring at it,
it got just singed enough
to turn gray on top.

"There you are!" he said.

And the leaders ate it.
So then all the people did, indeed, eat underdone meat.

Coyote spoke:

"Since I am certainly a leader,
you must have him do this for me."

But his brother-in-law spoke:
"You mustn't say that," he said,

After I had learned the language pretty well, I began to record stories, personal reminiscences, and so on, many from the people I have just mentioned. These stirred my imagination and interest, and made me wonder: what would the truly great storytellers of the old days have sounded like? According to my Maidu friends, good raconteurs had been, in earlier times, the equivalents of the prominent and successful actors of European culture. It seemed that by the 1950s the great talents and skills of the old storytellers were irretrievably lost.

But we have been fortunate. In the beginning of this century, a Harvard professor named Roland Dixon collected a large number of Maidu stories from Tom Young, a half Maidu and half Hat Creek who lived in Genesee, Plumas County. Tom Young's real name was Hanc'ibijim. Though he was only about thirty years old at the time when he worked with Dixon, he had an extensive knowledge of Maidu literature as well as a wonderful gift for storytelling. His renown lived on, and he was remembered and revered by my Maidu friends half a century later.

Though inaccurately recorded, the stories which Dixon wrote down from Hanc'ibijim's dictation were published by the American Ethnological Society. Dixon is not to be blamed for the inaccuracies. Like most everyone else in his time, he was poorly trained in phonetics, with no model to follow. He didn't have an ear for the rather complex sounds of Maidu but he did well enough so that it has been possible for me to reconstitute his work with, I think, about ninety-five percent accuracy. Truly, without him we would know far less about the traditional oral literature of the Maidu. Thanks to him we know enough to give us some real insight, however fragmentary and distorted, into the pristine Maidu world view.

Included in Hanc'ibijim's repertory was a Trickster Cycle, a common genre in American Indian literature, usually involving Old Man Coyote in a series of loosely strung-together episodes which display Coyote's lustfulness, trickiness and gullibility. Coyote is well known, of course, as the dominant figure in the mythic literature of large parts of Native North America. My main Maidu teacher and good

friend, Maym Gallagher, worked together with me to reconstitute this Trickster Cycle from Dixon's recording. Time ran out on us, however, before we could do anything with the many other myths and stories which Hanc'ibijim told Dixon, including a long and difficult Creation Myth. It is all these other stories which I have been struggling to restore and translate over the years, sadly without Maym's wonderful guidance.

Anyone who has read older published versions of Native American stories must have noticed the often boring, sometimes baffling quality of some of the English translations. One reason for this is that some translators took a scholarly view and felt that their main objective should be to translate each detail as literally as possible, word by word, with no regard at all for the text as a unified discourse, let alone as a piece of literary art.

Another probable cause for bad translations is that Native American languages typically have ways of saying things for which English has no artful equivalents. Maidu, for instance, has a little suffix on verbs which must be used

"speaking like that, you say what's bad—you say a bad thing!"

Later on, the people looked out over the countryside hoping to see the smoke from a fire. They did not see it.

The next day, they looked about again but they did not see it.

Meanwhile, two lizard brothers were lying together, close by the lodge, and as it got to be along toward morning, they spoke:

"Lo, there is smoke on West Mountain!"

And then, Coyote scooped up some dirt and threw it into their eyes.

"West Mountain indeed!" he said, "Those two don't know what they're seeing! That's the way they always see, with eyes like those!"

Then Coyote's brother-in-law spoke angrily to him.

"You are always like that," he said.

"Why have you always been bad that way?"

Disgusted, Coyote spoke.

"Those two boys saw nothing at all.

They lie when they speak," he said.

So then, the leader, when he had crawled out of the lodge, spoke again. And he said: "Do you really see it, you two?"

And they said:

"Lo, there is smoke on West Mountain!"

And everyone looked around, and when they looked around, the smoke was on West Mountain, like a tiny tree, standing there.

And, having seen it, they went all around. They went all around, they went all around to every place.

And then people came, and as they kept on coming, they joined together, and when they were all joined, the leaders harangued them.

"Muster your spiritual power! Mustering your power, send it out, all of you!"

From each and every land they sent one person. Only the scary ones were chosen out. Only the sinuous ones.



when one is telling a story. This suffix means something like 'they say.' This is part of the rhythm of Maidu storytelling, but if, in the English translation, one keeps putting in 'they say' after every verb, the story seems stuffed with irrelevancies.

Perhaps the greatest barrier has to do with the wide cultural gulf which separates Euro-american presuppositions and expectations from those of traditional Native American societies, highly variable as these latter were among themselves.

Also important is the fact that what we are dealing with is oral literature, designed to incorporate not only the idiosyncratic intonations of the original language but also the storyteller's body language as well as his spatial relationship to his listeners. In my time, Dan Williams (who was a *yomí M'ajdym*, an Indian doctor) was an exemplary practitioner of such skills. Like an actor on a stage, he would sit, flexible and poised, changing the volume and pitch of his voice to fit the meaning of what he was saying, at times leaning forward to cover his face with his hands, at times gesturing

broadly with his arms, making excellent and appropriate use of what actors call "dramatic pauses" to highlight and emphasize his account.

The ideal medium would be a color video tape, giving us the chance to study in detail all the subtle components of the storyteller's performance. Some people have tried, in recent years, to deal with the problem at this level by using devices like spacing on the page, capital letters, different typefaces, and so on, to show at least some of what goes on. This is a fascinating enterprise—a more precise and sophisticated approach to the recording of oral literature than previous attempts. However, it doesn't do much to provide access, in the sense of aesthetic satisfaction, to the readers of English translations.

There is another interesting aspect of the problem. Certain Maidu terms are untranslatable in the sense that there are no proper English equivalents for them.

In order to understand this kind of untranslatability, consider the word 'Maidu' itself—its actual form in the language is *mády*. The off-hand translation for this word is 'person,'

though the word was also used to mean 'man' as opposed to 'woman,' very much as in English. There was another word in Maidu which meant 'adult male person' (the form is *yep'í*) when a reference to the person's sex is explicit. A fairly exact translation of *yep'í* is something like 'person who is the male half of a permanently bonded couple.' You may wonder why I don't give the translation 'husband,' but if you think of such related notions as 'wedding,' 'community property' and 'alimony,' you'll see why that just wouldn't do.

Furthermore, the word *yep'í* was used with the meaning 'adult male whatever' as in *yep'im symí* 'buck deer,' *yep'im páno* 'adult male grizzly,' *yep'im kawáyu* 'stallion,' and so on. This might lead you to think that I made a mistake when I translated *yep'í* as 'adult male person' in view of all these horses, grizzlies and deer. Not so. In fact, this takes us to the heart of the problem of translating *mády* which might, superficially, be taken as meaning 'person.'

It's not that simple. There's another term which shows up a lot in the stories—*wónom mády*, which my Indian friends used to trans-

Then people tried crawling silently into the lodge.
They tried and tried,
but each of them could be heard.
They made noise
though they tried to come out silently.

Finally, Mouse tried.
He crawled in and crawled around inside
and no one could hear him!

Then, the leaders spoke.
"He's the one," they said.

Dawn broke, and they started off.

All kinds of creatures went.
Deer went. Jackrabbit went. Dog went.
Mouse went. Fisher went.
All kinds of creatures went.

Snake went.
Skunk went. He took his flute.
And so, they set out.

Then, when they got almost there,
they sat down and stayed.
While they were sitting there,
it got dark.
So they all huddled together and sat there.

And, as it got dark,
Nighthawk started babbling.
He babbled.

"One who doesn't sleep am I," he said.
"Nighthawk am I," he said.
"Woswos, woswos, woswos," he said.
"One who does not fail to see am I," he said.
"One who sees everything am I," he said.

Meanwhile, they sent Mouse.

"Well," said one of the leaders,
"They seem to have gone to sleep."

Then, Mouse went. He went on tiptoe.
He took Skunk's flute.

He dodged from place to place until he got there.
Then, tiptoeing up,
he took a peek at Nighthawk's eyes.
Though they were shut tight,
Nighthawk was speaking.
Nighthawk, bedecked with the necklace,
sat there and kept on speaking,
babbling on and on.

So Mouse gnawed through the necklace
and stole it.

Meanwhile, Nighthawk was babbling.
"A person who doesn't sleep am I," he said.
"Nighthawk am I," he said.

Now, when Mouse had stolen the necklace,
he crawled into the lodge.

As he crawled in—
while he crawled down—



late as 'people' or 'a race of people' or even 'mankind.' I myself, early on, naively tried to translate it as 'mortal men' since the verb 'die' in Maidu is *wóno*. Because of certain constraints in the grammar that interpretation is out of the question. The fact is that there are many names in the myths where *mády* is preceded by some modifying word: *wépan mády*, 'Coyote Man,' *way'óm mády*, 'Skunk Man,' *hóhlam mády*, 'Badger Man,' and so on. The term *mády* is, in fact, used to refer to all sorts of creatures. Nor is this usage restricted to a mythic context.

From a Euroamerican cultural viewpoint this may, perhaps be dismissed as simply "personifying animals" as is done with the Big Bad Wolf in Red Riding Hood. But that's where *wónom mády* comes in. As soon as I got the notion that *mády* meant a larger class of creatures than just human beings, I took a closer look at where *wónom mády* turned up. Sure enough, it was always used to specify humans only, which points to 'human' as the meaning of *wóno*. *Mády* was obviously a profound and immanent concept in the Maidu world view describing a

pragmatic naturalism in which spirits, the Creator, humans and other creatures were all accepted as balanced aspects of a stable reality. So, *wónom mády* may, at last, be translated as 'human,' yet how completely that rendering fails to capture the complex associations of meaning, the cultural assumptions, the insights and understanding compacted into the Maidu phrase!

As I have said before, the Maidu myths, like most oral literature, seem much more like what Europeans think of a poetry or drama than prose. In the myth about the Theft of Fire which follows, I have tried to incorporate these poetical and dramatic elements, prominent in the original, without losing the thread of the plot.

First, some things one has to know in order to understand what is going on in this story:

The houses are semi-subterranean earthlodges, entered from the top through a smokehold. The episode involving Coyote is there to bear witness to the fact that he is a troublemaker who interferes with letting good things happen. West Mountain is the volcanic peak

which we now call "Mount Lassen." The skirts that Old Man Thunder's daughters are wearing are fore-and-aft aprons made of the inner bark of fir trees. They were fastened on a string tied around the waist. There is reason to believe that the daughters are the personifications of Rain and Hail. The Meadows Above are part of the Maidu cosmology, a place in the sky very much like the world below, but always warm, beautiful and bright. The belief was that everyone went there after death. The traditional fire-drill consisted of a buckeye stick which was twirled in a little hole in a piece of cedar wood.

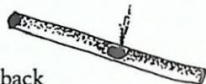
The whole thing happens in a mythical time when all creatures could talk. It's all related to the meaning of *mády* discussed earlier. The best way to enjoy the story is to read it out loud, to yourself or to someone else.

William Shipley has been involved in the study of California Indian languages for many years. He teaches linguistics at U.C. Santa Cruz.

they were sleeping.
Snoring, they made a lot of noise.

When he had crawled around inside,
Mouse gnawed the skirts off
Old Man Thunder's daughters.
He tore them up.

He stuck a burning ember into the flute,
put the flute on his back,
and crawled out.



He ran with the ember on his back
to where all the others were.
Then he hastened away,
carrying it on his back,

And Deer,
taking some of the ember on his leg,
hastened away.

And Dog,
putting some under his ear,
hastened away.

Carrying the ember,
they ran back homewards.

When they had gotten a little way off,
Old Man Thunder woke up.

Old Man Thunder and his daughters rumbled.
That old man sprang to his feet
and Thunder's daughters sprang up quickly too.

As they sprang up, their bark skirts fell off
and they squatted down again,
and then, when they had put their skirts in order,
again they started in pursuit.

It was as if
the earth was mightily rumbling and grumbling.
It was as if
a great cloudburst swept down upon the people.

Deer threw the fire he was carrying
at a cedar tree.
A little further on,
Dog threw the fire he was carrying
at an elderberry bush.
A little further on,
when the women had almost caught up with them,
Mouse threw some of the fire in his flute
at a buckeye tree.

And then, they ran homewards,
carrying just that fire in the flute
which Mouse had saved back.

But the daughters overtook them
and put out their fire.
Like a cloudburst overtaking them,
there was water,
and the water doused the fire.

All the time, Skunk was spraying the daughters
and, when Snake ran after them
as if he was going to bite them,



they gave up the chase,
turned around
and went back home.

And then the skies cleared
and everything was wonderful.

But the creatures arrived back empty-handed.

When they came back, they said:
"The daughters of Old Man Thunder
put out the fire on us!"

But one said:
"I threw my fire into that elderberry bush."
It was Dog who spoke.

Then Deer said:
"I threw mine into a cedar tree."

"Some of what I had in the flute
I threw into a buckeye tree," said Mouse.
"From now on, we'll just make fire with these."

"Now, when Old Man Thunder had gotten back to his lodge,
he spoke.

"In this world,
I shall no longer go around after people.

I'll be one whom people never see,
for, if I should stay in the world,
people, pursuing me, would annoy me, I think.
So I'm going from this land to the Meadows Above.
And, when I carry away the fire
which my daughters took back,
then there'll be no more fire in the world."



So he carried the fire to the Meadows Above
and just did that bad thing about the fire.

He spoke:

"Now I think I'll stay here,
wandering around in the Meadows Above,
having nothing to do with people.
I'll be one who rumbles once in awhile
as I travel about."

After he was gone,
people made fire by gathering elderwood,

chopping it up and bringing it back,
and they hunted for cedar wood,
and brought it back,
and they hunted for buckeye wood,
and they brought it back.

And, when they got home,
they made firedrills from the cedar and buckeye,
and made fire.

And people said:

"Those creatures of ancient times
threw away what fire they had.
That way, they managed to keep it.
And when people talk of those times,
they'll say:
'When fire was stolen,
they got it back.'
That's what people will say."

And there they were, long ago.
And that's the end of it.

Illustrated by Linda Yamane (Ohlone)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA EVENTS

November 1-30

Hupa Ceremonials. Exhibit at Hupa Tribal Museum, Hoopa Shopping Center, Hoopa. Display of old pictures and regalia for the Jump Dance and White Deerskin Dance. 8 a.m.-5 p.m. Donation. (916) 625-4110.

November 1-30

Shadow Catchers (Group Mask Exhibit). Luna's Cafe, 1414-16th St., Sacramento. 7:30 a.m.-10 p.m. No fee. A group mask exhibit by over

20 of California's best Native American and Chicano artists. (916) 441-3931.

November 1-26

"Beyond the Boundaries of Land and Water." American Indian Contemporary Arts, 685 Market St., San Francisco. Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. An all-California Indian art show. (415) 495-7600.

November 4-6

California Indian Conference, 4th Annual. International House, University of California, Berkeley. This is a conference on California Indian history, culture and experience with 20-minute papers on such topics as archaeology, linguistics, ethnohistory, ethnography, material culture, music and issues of contemporary concern. A program and schedule will be mailed to all registered participants in October or by request. Pre-registration is \$20, payable to "California Indian Conference" and mailed to: William Simmons, Program

Chair, Dept. of Anthropology, University of California, Berkeley, CA 94720.

November 5

A Gathering of Families at Kule Loklo, the Indian village of Pt. Reyes National Seashore. A day of crafts, lore, storytelling and food sampling. This day is for families with children over five years old. \$10 per adult; \$5 per child. Limit eight families. (415) 663-1200.

Native American Heritage Day. Redding Museum and Art Center, Caldwell Park, Redding. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Exhibits and demonstrations throughout the day. Also music, dance, games, and films. Free. (916) 225-4270.

November 6 and November 12

Classes in Traditional Indian Skills. Fall series. Kule Loklo, the Indian Village at Pt. Reyes National Seashore, near Olema in western Marin County. Pre-registration is required. Tuition includes materials fee. If not a member of MAPOM, add membership fee (indi-

vidual \$5; family \$8; student \$3.) Reduced fees for California Indians. A few scholarships are available. For information: Sylvia (415) 479-3281 or Don 883-4310 evenings. Or write Miwok Archaeological Preserve of Marin, 2255 Las Gallinas Ave., San Rafael, CA 94903. *Traditional Food* November 12, \$30.

November 9

The Archaeology of Mission San Antonio. Lompoc Museum, 200 South H St., Lompoc. 7:30 p.m. No fee. The lecture by Robert Hoover of Cal Poly includes slides. (805) 736-3888.

November 10-13

American Indian Film Festival (13th Annual). Palace of Fine Arts, San Francisco. Awards presented the evening of Nov. 12. For further information, Michael Smith (415) 554-0525.

November 10-13

Basket Making Workshop. Clarke Memorial Museum, 240 E St., Eureka. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. every day. Taught by Vera Ryerson. Enrollment limited to ten in each class. Fee \$25. (707) 443-1947.

Attention Teachers!

November 11-13

Teaching About California Indians. Pt. Reyes National Seashore. A seminar designed especially for educators interested in California Indians. Hands-on activities, slide shows and walks introduce participants to California Indian culture, past and present. Activities will include traditional games, toys and doll-making suitable for classroom use. Pomo and Coast Miwok educators will visit the seminar to share their cultural traditions. Cost includes accommodations at the Clem Miller Education Center. \$105 (includes materials). 1 unit of credit. Instructor is Naturalist Bev Ortiz (*Skills and Technology* columnist for *News from Native California*). (415) 663-1200.

November 19

Flintknapping Demonstration. Marin Museum of the American Indian, 2200 Novato Blvd. (in Miwok Park), Novato. Noon until 2 p.m. Free to the public. Museum docent Gene Buvelot (Miwok) will demonstrate flintknapping skills and the uses of various arrowheads. Call (415) 897-4064.

November 13, 20, 27

The Land and Life of the Patwin. Davis Science Center, 1207 Sycamore Lane, Davis. 2-4 p.m. The diverse habitats and first inhabitants of the lower Sacramento Valley. Free. (916) 756-0191.

November 16, 23, 30

These Things That Cannot Be Replaced (radio series). KPFA 94.1 FM. (San Francisco Bay Area). Wednesdays 7-7:30 p.m. The series is based on tapes and interviews of oral histories of the Pomo Indian people. (415) 848-6767.

November 19-20

Northwest Intertribal Gathering. Redwood Acres Fairgrounds, Eureka. 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Powwow at 6 p.m. Sat., and at noon Sun. Elder's Honoring Dinner, Sat. noon (free for all over 55): salmon, venison, and elk. Games,

food booths, many dancers including the Coyote Valley Dancers. (707) 445-8451.

November 25-27

Indian Arts and Crafts Christmas Fair. Sacramento area. For more information call California Tribal Health Assoc., Honored Elders extension, (916) 483-8794.

November 25-27

Indian Arts and Crafts Christmas Fair. State Indian Museum, 2618 K St., Sacramento. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (916) 324-0971.

December 9

Native American Heritage Commission Meetings. Dec. 9, Cache Creek (Special Meeting); Jan. 23, Sacramento (Regular Meeting). (916) 322-7791.

December 7, 14, 21

These Things That Cannot Be Replaced (radio series). KPFA 94.1 FM. (San Francisco Bay Area). Wednesdays 7-7:30 p.m. The series is based on tapes and interviews of oral histories of the Pomo Indian people. (415) 848-6767.

December 10-11

18th Annual Christmas Show. Pacific Western Traders, 305 Wool St., Folsom. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Invitational show and sale of jewelry, beadwork, pottery, basketry, and paintings. (916) 985-3851.

December 17

Third Annual Christmas Puppet Show. Marin Museum of the American Indian, 2200 Novato Blvd. (in Miwok Park), Novato. 10:30 a.m. until 11:30 a.m. Free to the public. Fascinating Native American myths and stories for the younger set. Call (415) 897-4064.

January 28

Exploring Human Energy. Scicon Conservation Campus, 8 miles above Springville in the Sierra foothills. Rosalyn Bruyere will discuss and demonstrate the ancient healing technique of the laying on of hands in a modern scientific context. 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. \$56.25 (includes lunch). (209) 539-3945.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EVENTS

November 1-30

American Indian Artists of the San Joaquin Valley. This show in various media is in the Fresno City College Library, 1101 E. University Ave., Fresno. 9 a.m.-4:30 p.m.

November 1-December 11

"Lost and Found Traditions: Native American Art 1965-1985." Los Angeles County Natural History Museum, 900 Exposition Blvd.,

Los Angeles. Tues.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. The objects in this exhibit reflect living cultures in a way not usually accessible to the general public. Free admission on 1st Tues. of the month. Otherwise, \$3 adults, \$1.50 seniors and students, 75¢ ages 5-12. (213) 744-3466.

November 5

Cultural Ecology of the Chumash. (Guided Walk). Happy Camp Canyon, Moorpark. 9 a.m.-noon. Guided walk to an ancient village site famous for its obsidian-like material used by the Indians for tools and weapons. Wilderness Institute (818) 887-7831.

November 18

Iroquois Social Dancers. Lafayette Elementary School Cafeteria, 2445 Chestnut Ave., Long Beach. Pot-luck 6:30 p.m. (bring table service); dancing 7:30-10 p.m. February thru May, dancing is scheduled the 4th Friday of each month. (213) 532-7504 or 591-7040.

November 25

Children's Program: Sierra Puppet Theatre. Southwest Museum, 234 Museum Drive in the Highland Park area of Los Angeles. 10-11 a.m. An all-new program of Native American stories done in shadow puppetry. Adults \$3; children \$2. (213) 221-2164.



December 10-11

Native American Arts and Crafts Fair. Casa de Adobe, 4605 North Figueroa St., (near Southwest Museum), Los Angeles. 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Traditional and contemporary art, Native American food and entertainment. (213) 221-2164.

December 16

Iroquois Social Dancers. Lafayette Elementary School Cafeteria, 2445 Chestnut Ave., Long Beach. Pot-luck 6:30 p.m. (bring table service); dancing 7:30-10 p.m. February thru May, dancing is scheduled the 4th Friday of each month. (213) 532-7504 or 591-7040.

January 14-15

Native American Film Festival. Southwest Museum, 234 Museum Drive, Los Angeles. Call for program, times, and admission prices. (213) 221-2164.

January 27

Iroquois Social Dancers. Lafayette Elementary School Cafeteria, 2445 Chestnut Ave., Long Beach. Pot-luck 6:30 p.m. (bring table service); dancing 7:30-10 p.m. February thru May, dancing is scheduled the 4th Friday of each month. (213) 532-7504 or 591-7040.

Calendar items for the January/February issue may be submitted to News from Native California, Box 9145, Berkeley, CA 94709. (415) 848-3423. They should cover events scheduled for January, February and March, and must reach our office before Dec. 10 to be included.

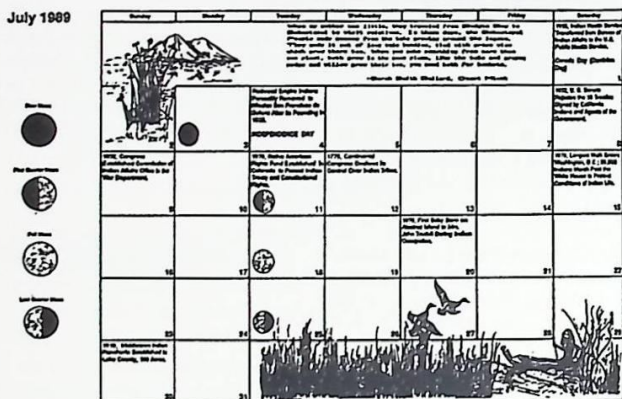
BIG TIMES/ LITTLE TIMES

Vera Mae Fredrickson

Please send any items of interest for this new column to News from Native California or call (415) 848-3423.



July 1989



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Auberry Union Elementary School was awarded a \$38,000 grant from the State of California for Indian Early Childhood Education. The money will pay for a full-time teacher to work with Indian students from kindergarten through fourth grade. The school's grant application scored so high that the state may want to use it as a model program.

Elaine Lewis Wolbrock, who retired in 1986 as director of the American Indian Graduate Program at U.C., Berkeley, died June 15th. Wolbrock started the program, the first of its kind in the U.S.

Stanford University recently adopted a pioneering policy to identify and preserve more than 50 prehistoric Indian sites on the campus. The policy restricts the university from building on any lands of archaeological significance.

As a group, Native Americans represent a higher proportion of veterans than the general population. A new bill designed to help Native American veterans build homes on allotment trust lands (sponsored by Senator J. Garamendi, D-Sacramento), is now a California law (SB1811). Interested veterans should call the Division of Farm and Home of the California Department of Veteran's Affairs, 1-800-952-5626.

The Native American Heritage Commission has three commissioner vacancies. Commissioners, who are appointed by the governor, do not receive a salary but are reimbursed for expenses. Five of the nine commission members are California Native Americans, and are required to be either spiritual leaders, elders, or traditionalists. People who are interested in applying can contact the NAHC at (916) 322-7791. If you wish to receive either the NAHC newsletter or their flyer, "A Professional Guide for Preservation and Protection of Native American Remains and Associated Grave Goods," write to NAHC, 915 Capitol Mall, Room 288, Sacramento, CA 95814.

If you are teaching a third or fourth grade unit on California Indians, there is now available *The Coast Miwok Indians: Teacher Resource Packet*. The author of the carefully

researched material is Marilyn J. Englander who received her doctorate in Native American Studies from U.C., Santa Barbara. Order from The Marin Museum of the American Indian (where Englander is program director), P.O. Box 864, Novato, CA 94948, (415) 897-4064. The price is \$7.95 plus postage and handling.

Also available for teachers in Riverside County is a Cahuilla Indian classroom exhibit which includes posters, videotapes, reproductions of artifacts. Interested persons should contact the Palm Springs Desert Museum, 101 Museum Drive, Palm Springs, CA 92263, or call (619) 325-7186.

The Indian Child and Family Services, with offices in San Diego, Riverside, Orange and Los Angeles Counties, has become licensed recently as an adoption agency serving the 11 southernmost counties in California. For information about their program, call (800) 922-2091.

Ann Marie Sayers (Ohlone), has won an eight-year battle to acquire 123 government-owned acres of ancestral land south of Hollister. Sayers received a "trust patent" to the land in the Cienega Valley where her mother's family had lived for several generations. She would like to build an Indian culture center on her property.

The Cold Springs Mono Tribe (Tollhouse, Fresno Co.), has been awarded a grant from the Department of Education's Library Services for Indian Tribes to establish a computerized database which archives and preserves the tribal records for the reservation. The project will serve as a model for other tribes for preserving their historical documents for future generations. The project will be done in conjunction with the Library Research Department at D-Q University, which welcomes inquiries from tribes who wish similar assistance.

D-Q University is one of only two Native American schools to have been awarded a computer equipment grant from the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The new equipment will be used at D-QU sites throughout California.

At D-QU's Third Annual Summer Youth and Elders Encampment, Vivien Hailstone (Hupa), was chairperson of the Youth and Elders Steering Committee. She worked with tribal representatives from throughout California, particularly those tribes near D-QU's education sites in Mariposa, Fresno, Mendocino, Lake, Shasta, Humboldt, Yolo, Colusa, Sacramento and Sonoma Counties.

D-QU is planning a public symposium for the spring of 1990 to discuss the role of Father Serra and the "missionization" of California Indians. If you are interested in assisting with the project call Shirley Lewis (916) 758-0470.

Three California Indian candidates for associate degrees in the fifteenth graduating class at D-QU were recognized for their academic achievement.

Congratulations to Philip Castro (Wailaki/Concow/Pomo), Benedicta Rose, Long Wolf (Pomo/Maidu/Nomlaki) and Melissa Rose Winn (Pit River/Wintu).

The Sherman Inter-Tribal Council (SITC) is a group of individuals, tribes, and organizations who are concerned about the management of Sherman Indian School at Riverside. One of their major objectives is to transfer the jurisdiction of the boarding school from the BIA's Phoenix Area Office to the Sacramento Area Office. They feel the office's remoteness is a factor in various social and academic difficulties experienced by the students. For information call SITC Chairman Luke Madrigal (714) 929-3319 or 654-1734.

The Northern California Indian Development Council, Inc. awarded two scholarships at the Natural Resource Career Expo for Indian Youth. Stacey McClaffin (Yurok) from Crescent City will be using her scholarship at the College of the Redwoods this fall. Klamath resident Armando Sepulveda (Confederated Tribe of Filetz, Oregon) also received an award.

The National Indian Education Association's National Convention will be held November 13-17 in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

San Bernardino has an Indian Center again. Located at 459 W 4th St., (714) 889-2444, the Center will serve primarily as a referral agency for the 15,000 Indians, including the local San Manuel Indians, living in the county. Consult them about jobs, trade training, education, and housing. They will also sponsor cultural events. The acting director is Sharon Sarnowski.

The Table Mountain Band of Indians (Frisant, Fresno Co.) announces their new board: Vern G. Castro (chairman), Aaron Jones (vice-chair), Brenda Lowell (secretary), Twila Burroughs (treasurer) and Mathew Jones (alternate). The new board of the Trinidad Rancheria Community Council (Trinidad, Humboldt Co.) includes Ms. Carol Ervin (chairperson), Ms. Eva Duncan (vice-chair) and Ms. Shirley Laos (secretary-treasurer).

The federal government's proposed changes in Indian health care eligibility (see *News from Native California*, V. 1, No. 6, p. 21) were scheduled to go into effect September 16. It has just been announced that there will be a one-year moratorium on the new eligibility ruling. For information contact your local Indian Health Project.

The Indian Arts and Crafts Board of the Department of the Interior in Washington, D.C. publishes a series of bulletins, "Cultural Notes," that provides information to Native Americans on grants, projects, foundations, and other sources of financial and other kinds of support available to artists. The Board also accepts collect calls between 9:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. (EST), from Native American artists, craftspersons, performers, and organizations who want to contact the Board's professional staff for advice and assistance. Call (202) 343-3067.

There are several yearly openings for visiting Native American artists in the Native American Arts Program at the Museum of the American Indian in New York. The ideal candidates for these five-day demonstration programs can effectively and creatively demonstrate the art forms that relate to their particular heritage and traditions. The deadline for applications is January 1, 1989. For information call (212) 283-2420.

Pacific Gas and Electric has twenty-four college scholarships of varying amounts available for minority high school seniors graduating in 1989. In a separate program the top winners will also be eligible to compete for summer internships at the company. For more information see your school counselor.

Native Californians are encouraged to apply for California State Library scholarships of up to \$5,000 a year to attend a one-year graduate program in Library Science. There is currently only one California Indian librarian in the state. Employment opportunities are excellent and pay well. California has three graduate degree programs in Library Science—U.C. Berkeley, San Jose State University and UCLA. Contact Rhonda Rios-Kravitz (916) 323-4400.

The School of Social Welfare is seeking applications from American Indian students for the degree of Master of Social Welfare. Those interested in Fall 1989 admission can call collect to Rick St. Germaine (415) 642-3228. There are other grants and forms of financial assistance available in other graduate programs through the American Indian Graduate Program.

The West Covina Employment Development Office has hired a Native American representative to assist Indians with employment and job training activities. Call (818) 977-1366.

If you are interested in receiving vocational assessment or job training, or job search or placement assistance call, the California Indian Manpower Consortium, Inc. Field Office nearest to you. They are located in Redding, Ukiah, Sacramento, Bishop, Clovis, San Bernardino, San Jacinto and Escondido. Or call the Central Office in Sacramento Office in Sacramento (916) 920-0285.

A new book, *Living the Spirit, A Gay American Indian Anthology* (edited by Will Roscoe; St. Martin's; \$16.95) has a historical section that discusses the range of views toward gender and sexual behavior variation in traditional Native American societies and a second section on gay American Indians today. This is a good source of information on what being gay means in Native American society.

Vera Mae Fredrickson is a freelance anthropologist and co-editor of *News from Native California*.

MUSEUMS & ARCHIVES

The Grace Hudson Museum

Lee Davis

The treasurehouses of California Indian culture will be featured in this new series called "Museums and Archives." In these institutions more than a century of California Indian materials are housed, including fieldnotes, photographs, audiotapes, visual materials, and artifacts. I hope this sort of information proves useful to the Indian and non-Indian scholar, and informative and entertaining to all admirers of Native California culture.

These treasurehouses are at the eye of a brewing storm of cross-cultural conflict. The conflict revolves around two concepts, those



Pomo beadmakers from the Yokayo Rancheria, ca. 1895. Photo attributed to John Hudson. All photos accompanying this article courtesy of the Sun House and Grace Hudson Museum, Ukiah.



Joseppa Dick, Pomo basketweaver, and her family at Yokayo Rancheria, ca. 1890. Photo attributed to Henry Henshaw.

of 'value' and 'ownership.' The treasures were born in Indian culture and in that way will eternally be 'culturally owned' by them. But the treasures have historically become the legal property of mostly non-Indian institutions and in that way are 'legally owned' by them. If the materials were not legally transferred to the institution, there is no legal or moral ambiguity, they should be returned.

'Value' is a relative term with a variety of meanings. The western aesthetic prizes what is costly and rare, as a fashionable reflection of individual good taste and personal wealth, as a

demonstration of prestige, or as a symbol of cultural pride. Material items as research collections can serve as many purposes as there are intellectual investigations, such as a study of stone-working techniques throughout California prehistory, a study of gender roles as expressed in ceremonial regalia, a study of cosmological designs in basketry, and so on. The notion of native value is the most complex, since the material item now sitting alone on a museum shelf was created as a model of, for and within a complete religious-social-material cultural context.

California Indian people today understand this concept more completely than do the institutional curators of the materials. It is a goal of this column to open the door of communication between the conflicted 'owners' of these treasures to examine each other's 'values,' so that they may work together in making decisions about materials which, we all agree, are worth treasuring.

Located far from a university center, the Grace Hudson Museum and archive of California Indian culture reflect John and Grace Hudson's life of research outside the mainstream of academic research on Native California. Like John Harrington and C. Hart Merriam, the Hudsons conducted their research as individuals or through affiliations with the great eastern museums, the Field Museum of Chicago, the Brooklyn Museum and the Smithsonian Institution, rather than with the University of California research efforts controlled by Alfred Kroeber.

The Grace Hudson Museum is located in a Ukiah park, on property which belonged to John and Grace Hudson in their lifetime. The Museum is unusual because it is largely the public presentation of what had been the private collection of one couple. The museum still reflects that homey feeling, first of all because it is situated next to the Hudsons' home, the Sun House, and secondly because the museum staff greets the researcher with a graciousness and enthusiasm that welcomes (rather than merely tolerates or allows) a sharing of the intellectual journey through the museum resources.

The Hudson Museum of anthropology, history and art focuses on the ethnological fieldwork of John Hudson and the artistic career of Grace Hudson from the early 1890s to the

mid-1930s. Nearly all of Grace Hudson's 684 oil paintings depict Pomo Indian people and Pomo culture around Mendocino County, with a welcome emphasis on children and women as subjects. Her painting style has been too easily criticized as overly romantic. This assessment overlooks the richness of ethnographic detail and the realism of a simple domestic intimacy in Native California. Grace Hudson was a commercial success in her lifetime, and in her art "the local Indian people were endowed with a sympathetic humanity that otherwise might have passed unperceived by the Euroamericans who purchased her pictures as fast as they could be produced." (Suzanne Abel-Vidor, *The Sun House* 1985).

John Hudson practiced medicine for a few years in the 1880s and 1890s but it did not suit him. He gave it up to devote his life to ethnological research on Indian cultures in Mendocino, Sonoma and Lake Counties. His archival holdings are especially rich in field notes and manuscripts concerning northern California Indian life at the turn of the century. His photographs are unusual because they concentrate on Indian people in everyday life in an era when most photography of Native California included places and things but excluded people.

The John and Grace Hudson collections contain only a portion of the lifetime work of this couple, yet consist of an impressive 27,000 items, including: a massive quantity of correspondence, field notebooks and manuscripts, hundreds of Pomo artifacts, approximately 6,000 negatives and photographs, and Grace Hudson's paintings. The majority of

Hupa Chronology

kaiyit	winter
haihit	wintry
yimanwillixtu	spring
tunkumenatowaldink	fall
tomtehuneu	harvest

Winter solstice [is] determined by certain wise old astronomers who, by standing in a certain spot at noon, note the lowest declination of the sun by means of some great pine up the mountain side on the south. The gaunt, tall, bull pine is a favorite solimeter or quadrant.

nonilaholunk new moon

The new year begins at the first new moon after the winter solstice during which there is no count made of time for 28 days, thus one useless lunar month is lost.

hlanonungtilakolung 1st moon
naxnonungtilakolung 2nd moon, etc.

[The Hupa chronology is] thus approximating our chronology in months and seasons. Some old men count the moons by fingers, beginning with left minimus, then annulus, etc. Counting is generally done in this way.

From the field notes of John Hudson, accession #20015, 1903, pages 80-81. From the permanent collection of the Grace Hudson Museum, City of Ukiah, California.



Pomo basketweaver Elsie Allen at the Grace Hudson Museum with a small collection of her work, ca. 1980. Photo by Scott Patterson.

Scott Patterson collections are located where these three researchers worked, and importantly, close to the Indian communities which their work celebrates. While Ukiah may seem remote to the university scholar, its local access to indigenous scholars is a major factor for the potential impact on the Indian communities represented in the collections.

The Hudson Museum is significantly distinguished by an intelligent and helpful research staff, Suzanne Abel-Vidor and Sandy Metzler. You can reach them at: The Grace Hudson Museum, 431 S. Main St., Ukiah, CA 95482 (707) 462-3370. The museum's hours are: Wed.-Sat. 10:00-4:30 and Sun. 12:00-4:30.

Belle Pettis by A.O. Carpenter, 1897.



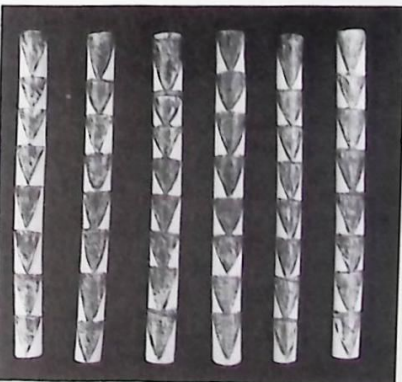
the collection is from Native California, specifically the Pomo people. However, during the period from 1901-1905, when John Hudson worked as a California collector for the Field Museum in Chicago, his field notes display a much broader range throughout Native California. There are still significant Hudson collections of California Indian basketry housed in the Smithsonian Institution, in the Field Museum in Chicago, and in the Brooklyn Museum.

The work of the late Scott Patterson, anthropologist and photographer of Pomo Indian life in the 1970s and 1980s, will become a part of the permanent exhibit at the Hudson Museum and Mendocino County Museum. A stunning exhibit of sixty-eight of Patterson's photographs will be on display at the Mendocino County Museum in Willits in mid-November.

The Hudson Museum has been a virtually unknown secret treasure of research on Native California, especially regarding Pomo lifeways. The John and Grace Hudson and

Lee Davis is the director of the California Indian Project at the Lowie Museum of Anthropology at U.C. Berkeley. For four years she conducted research at the Hoopa Reservation.

Pomo gambling staves from the Grace Hudson Museum collection. Photo by Scott Patterson.



GROUNDHOG DAY

A Byline of Politics and Legal Concerns

Allogan Slagle

[These bylines will contain a potpourri of announcements, news, interviews, and commentaries of general interest to Indians in and out of California, with emphasis on political and legislative decisions. In hope of fostering reader participation, from time to time I will suggest that you write your senators and/or representatives in California and/or Washington, D.C. (e.g., "WriteCal" and/or "WriteDC"). Write back on your informational concerns, likes, dislikes, and we'll do our best to check out same for the next issue.

The Senate Select Committee on Indian Affairs is at SH-838 Hart Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510, (202) 224-2251. Staff Director is Alan Parker, and General Counsel is Patricia Zell. Majority members are Daniel Inouye (D-HI), Chairman, John Melcher (D-MT), Quentin Burdick (D-ND), Thomas Daschle (D-SD), Daniel Evans (R-WA), Vice Chairman, Frank Murkowski (R-AK), and John McCain (R-AZ). The House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs is at 1324 Longworth House Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515, (202) 225-2761, and their jurisdiction includes relations of the U.S. with Indians and Indian tribes. The Chairman is Morris Udall (D-AZ), and Don Young (R-AK) is the ranking Minority member. Counsel is Frank Ducheneaux. The next session of Congress will bring some changes in the composition of these committees with new appointments and staff.]

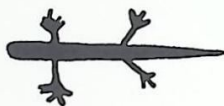
The End of the 100th Congress

Vote. Oh, PLEASEPLEASEPLEASEVOTE! This campaign has inspired some weird stuff. For one thing, suddenly, everybody's an environmentalist; Quayle isn't sure whose clone he is, but Bentsen is sure whose clone Quayle isn't. The cooptation of image and avoidance of substance in this election year has gone completely out of hand. It has been a popular notion among journalists in the Washington "spin-pits" that "Americans are the real winners in the presidential debates" ("spin," in case you haven't had to learn the new definition, is what happens when political pundits decide to let us know what the candidates are really saying, regardless what it is we hear them say). Well, it is entirely possible that we won the debates, but we could lose this election,

which will mean we'll have all the trouble the victor gets with none of the salary. (Find a spin on that.) So, figure it this way. You have to pay for the thing anyway, so why not take a few minutes and vote? Why have all the spoils and none of the spoils? Just remember that federal funding for Indian programs declined 15 percent under the present administration, and ask the candidates what they plan to do.

The Indian Health Care Improvement Act (S.129-Inouye, D-HI)

At this writing, S. 129 has passed through the Senate, following passage of H.R. 2290, and now both Houses must make a final determination on the fate of the Indian Health Care Improvement Act. The House Conference Committee was scheduled to meet on October 5; although the Indian Health Service has recommended that the President veto the bill, I certainly hope by the time you read this that it will be signed into law, as it appears it may, after all. The battle for this legislation has proceeded through fits and starts since 1983, through most of the Reagan years, and has been held hostage to Presidential veto and to proponents of abortion control. The Senate bill would provide for training and recruitment, etc. Melcher's bill to place a moratorium on new regulations to limit Indian health eligibility passed in the Senate weeks ago, but with no promise of a House version, the Senate bill requires a study by the Office of Technology Assessment over the next year in its version of the bill.



The Indian Gaming Regulatory Act (S.555-Inouye, D-HI)

S. 555, the Indian Gaming Regulatory Act, passed in the Senate and House in the last weeks of September, but not without strong objections from Indian tribes and constituents all over the United States. Thank you, friends and neighbors, for heeding the call in the July-August issue to battle this one. California congressmen who voted against the legislation included: Herger (R), Dellums (D), Stark (D), Shumway (R), Lagomarsino (R), Thomas (R), Moorhead (R), Dymally (D), Dreier (R), Brown (D), Dornan (R), and Dannemeyer (R). Let it be duly noted that some voted against S. 555 because they felt it did not go far enough in limiting tribal sovereignty. It is my understanding from some good sources that from July on, Nevada gaming interests paid about \$2 million per week to get a bill passed to restrain Indian gaming. At this writing, Jim Lynch, a Jack Anderson staffer,

has run an article (Oct. 6, p. C22, *Washington Post*) about the bill. Reagan has not signed the bill.

Senator McCain (R-AZ), while castigating tribal leaders who implied that Senator Inouye was motivated by personal gain in pushing the legislation, adds that frustration for lack of support from tribes for any particular legislative solution had led him to support giving this approach a test, but added (Congressional Record, S12653):

If after a period of time the compact approach proves unfair to Indian tribes in their ability to establish and operate Class III gaming activities, then the Congress may have to revisit this Class III provision.

In the House debate September 26, others voiced similar concerns. All conceded that the legislation was a tough compromise for the tribes which appeared necessary in order to avoid even worse legislation which might impose direct state regulatory authority on tribes which decide to engage in Class III gaming. Due in great part to the outpouring of lobbying by Indian groups and their supporters over the last five months, the course of events did not confirm our worst expectations, in that, as the language and record make clear, there "need be no imposition of state jurisdiction whatsoever." Senator Dan Evans admitted that the legislation expressly limits tribal sovereignty in requiring tribes to enter into tribal-state compacts, even though in doing so it provides "an avenue for cooperative negotiations between the tribes and the states for regulating gaming in a manner beneficial to both parties," that is, tribal-state compacts.

On the other hand, Senator Hecht (R-NV), not one to miss the opportunity to gloat, stated (Congressional Record S12656):

The resort business and gaming is our main industry for Nevada. I have been in Nevada for over forty years. And the regulation of gambling is very important not only to Nevada but to the rest of the country. Mr. President, this is a good bill that we are acting on today. And on a personal note I would like to state that I have been in the resort business, and hold a gaming license with hotel stock that is in a blind trust. I represent Nevada in the U.S. Senate and the resort business is our main economy.

Reid (D-NV) and Hecht (R-NV) have tried to outlaw all Indian gaming enterprises except bingo, ending tribal competition with Nevada. Reid's 1988 campaign contributions include at least \$1,000 each from the owners of several Nevada casinos. Reid spent four years as the chief regulator of gaming in Nevada. Hecht owns over \$100,000 in stock in the California Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas. Donald Trump, who is building the Taj Majal Casino in Nevada, put up \$1,000 to Hecht's campaign for

Senate this year. Senator Inouye (at S12651) remarked on Sept. 15:

The compacts are not intended to impose de facto State regulation. Rather, the idea is to create a consensual agreement between the two sovereign governments and it is up to those entities to determine what provisions will be in the compacts. Some tribes can assume more responsibility than others and it is entirely conceivable that a State may want to defer to a tribal regulatory authority and maintain only an oversight role.

The question remains why states should have such regulatory authority at all, or how bad faith in negotiation or implementation on the part of the states can be avoided. Inouye continued, "I do want to publicly state that I hope the states will be fair and respectful of the authority of the tribes in negotiating these compacts and not take unnecessary advantage of the requirement for a compact." We still have no answer to the \$400,000,000 question: "What will tribes have to give up to the states now in order to secure their cooperation in negotiating and implementing these compacts?" Tribes that opt to avoid this problem will have no possibility for Class III gaming. At the same time, we take very little comfort in Senator Inouye's declaration, "There is and will be no transfer of jurisdiction without the full consent and request of the affected tribe and that will be governed by the terms of the agreement that such tribe is able to negotiate" (S12650).

Why is this scary? Short of permitting outright state jurisdiction, Congress can tell the tribes that unless they sit down at the bargaining table and allow states a say in what they decide to do, they can no longer exercise "X" aspect of their inherent sovereignty (and there will have to be give and take in these proceedings). Indians must rally whenever such a threat arises and not wait for others to "handle it," must educate themselves and advocate for their own interests. Even if mistaken actions happen along the way, or misstatements come out as people struggle to get a grip on the facts, or confusion and inconvenience arise in the process, there is no excuse for not getting involved. Probing for information, questioning authority, refusing to accept assurances that "all will be well if we leave this matter to the Goodolboys in Washington, and taking stands even when things are bleak, are better than trusting vested interests and politicians whose agendas do not necessarily run to doing our work for them.

We cannot regret the battle to affect the legislative process, even if we do not get all we want, because no one gets that in the long run. What we have won in the battle over S.555 is some tempering of the language, the education of many Indians and non-Indians about the nature and importance of tribal sovereignty, and statements by friends in the

House and Senate, in the Congressional Record for September 15 and 26 which bid fair to draw a line in the dirt which enemies of tribal sovereignty should be ashamed to cross. Not that it will stop them. Look who won what with S.555: The states with organized gaming interests, or which conduct lotteries, got a measure of control over tribes which conduct gaming. Organized gaming interests got a hook



on Indian gaming. Organized crime elements finally got a hook on Indian gaming. The Bureau of Indian Affairs got a hook on Indian gaming. It is apparent that the present administration has resented appropriating program funds for those tribes which have had successful gaming operations over the last fifteen years, and would like to make the tribes prove they are using all the proceeds for essential governmental services. It also appears that certain elements in the present administration would like to cut back on programs funding for tribes proportional to their profits from gaming, using the excuse that gaming is immoral. Query whether similar proposals to limit federal spending for state programs in the cases where states profit from gaming would get anywhere if applied to, say, Nevada, or to say, California? Only twenty-two states do not have some kind of state-sponsored gaming.

Watch next session for efforts to allow states to regulate or take over Indian reserved water rights, throwing out the Winters doctrine as they have tried to gut the Supreme Court's February, 1987, Cabazon decision. California tribes have much to lose from such a development; and don't kid yourself, it's coming.

Meantime, what to do? Gaming tribes would do well to keep good books and keep clean operations. Other Indian, and Indian organizations have alternatives, too. We do not have to use non-Indian owned or managed convention facilities in states which sponsor gaming or profit from gaming, and which have pushed for anti-competition legislation to the detriment of tribes. As long as S.555 forces tribes to do anything, it might be well not to patronize any but Indian-owned convention centers, bingo games or gaming resorts. Indian groups and agencies have held social and business meetings in Nevada. Why should this continue, if we have a choice? Buy Indian, patronize Indian convention facilities and resorts in your area. If you must gamble,

don't play state lottery games or go to Nevada's non-Indian casinos. Groundhog does not gamble anyway, so it's no loss here.

The Hoopa-Yurok Settlement Act

At this writing, the bill has passed in the Senate, and the House version was taken out of the hands of the House Judiciary Committee. On the other hand, some questions have emerged about the bill, and prospects are unclear as of this writing for passage in the present session. The battle over this bill has been harsh and divisive for much of the Northern California Indian community, and the aftermath undoubtedly will continue to present new, if not unforeseen, problems.

BIA Seeks to Terminate Tribes' Sovereignty

In the April 2, 1986, decision, *Coyote Valley Band of Pomo Indians v. United States*, 639 F. Supp. 165 (E.D. Cal. 1986), the court held that the secretary of interior must call an election on a proposed constitution even though a tribe does not adopt the secretary's recommended changes. The BIA is no longer permitted to delay the process by refusing to call an election.

Early in 1987, the Burns Paiute Tribe submitted a tribal constitution to the BIA for approval. In March, 1987, the assistant secretary sought modifications which the tribe declined to accept. The BIA then approved the constitution in June, 1988, subject to certain "understandings."

The "understandings" reclassify the tribe as an "adult Indian community" without sovereignty, and return all power delegated to the tribe back to the secretary of interior. In so doing, the secretary has refused to acknowledge the tribe's inherent sovereign powers, effectively terminating it with the stroke of a pen. The BIA claims that the *Coyote Valley* decision recognized the secretary's authority as "entirely discretionary. . . and not subject to judicial review."

These actions set a dangerous precedent, allowing the secretary broad and unilateral discretion. Actually, no government official has such discretion without the possibility of judicial review.

There is hope, however. Congress passed a bill in September requiring the secretary to approve tribal constitutions, and it appears that Reagan will probably sign it.

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SKILLS & TECHNOLOGY



Julia Parker loosening the skins of shelled acorns in a winnowing basket. Photos by Bev Ortiz, March 1986.

It Will Live Forever: Yosemite Indian Acorn Preparation

Bev Ortiz

Early June found me assisting Julia Parker with an acorn preparation demonstration in an oak-bejeweled wilderness park in Alameda County. It was not the first time I had the opportunity to prepare acorn with Julia. In other times, the setting had been Yosemite Valley and Kule Loklo in Point Reyes National Seashore. Each opportunity found me amazed at the ease with which Julia's practiced hands cracked, winnowed, pounded, sifted, leached, then cooked the acorn. Each opportunity left me even more astounded and respectful of the levels of skill and nuances of method that go into the preparation of acorn, one of a huge variety of native foods.

Over the years, Julia has had an opportunity to share the complexities of acorn preparation with thousands of people in her capacity

as a cultural interpreter and now Indian Cultural Program Supervisor at Yosemite National Park. Julia's methods do great honor to her teacher, Lucy Telles (Miwok/Paiute), and the countless generations of Indian people to inhabit Yosemite Valley before them.

Coming to Yosemite

Pomo by birth, Julia spent seven years in the early 1940s attending the Stewart Indian School at Carson City, Nevada. It was there that she met her husband, Ralph (Miwok/Paiute), with whom she moved to Yosemite in 1948. While the philosophy at Stewart was to teach students, "Don't be Indian. Don't sit on the ground. Don't eat acorn. . . assimilate," once at Yosemite Julia gained knowledge and appreciation of traditional culture from her husband's grandmother, Lucy Telles, and other elders, who taught her basketry for which she is widely known.

In 1949, recalls Julia of her first years in Yosemite, acorns were especially plentiful. At gathering time, Julia remembers, she found herself joining Grandmother Lucy, who had a car, on collecting expeditions. The acorns were gathered into baskets, then transferred to gunnysacks for the trip home. Joining the two collectors was Julia's firstborn, Virginia, who was comfortably wrapped in a cradleboard fashioned by Lucy. Grandmother showed Julia how to lean the basketed baby against a tree where she could watch them collect. As Julia fondly recalls, "When I think about it now. . . it felt like old time ways that I was doing. Here we are out gathering acorn with the baby in the basket content, sleeping, playing, looking at the leaves and all that."

At that time, the Yosemite Indian community lived near present-day Sunnyside Campground, where modern and old traditions blended easily. It was there, early in the morning, that Julia would hear Grandmother pounding acorn from her house. Grandmother would be there pounding on a special rock, low to the ground. Then, Julia joined her, and they would climb atop a six- by seven-foot rock with four or five holes where they could pound without interruption.

Eventually, other young women got interested and they began to help with the pounding, all sharing talk, teasing, and laughter as they worked amidst the rhythmic thud of rock against acorn, each woman with her own mortar nestled beneath trees and brush. At times, cries of "Rock!" permeated the scene, a spirited reminder to any woman who inadvertently allowed the cushion of flour between mortar and pestle to grow too small so that there was danger of rock striking against rock.

Starting at 8 a.m., they worked until two o'clock or three o'clock in the afternoon. Time passed quickly and pleasantly, interrupted only by lunch, brought to the work site

by another woman. One day was spent pounding, while another was devoted to leaching and a third to cooking.

Large quantities of acorn were necessary to feed the community, so when it came time to cook, they used a galvanized tub filled three-quarters full of water with four or five pounds of acorn flour, the contents of which were transferred into a basket specially made by Grandmother for cooking, about two-and-a-half feet high and two feet across—an "eight-rock basket."

Today, watching Julia prepare acorn, one appreciates her precise and careful methods, the same methods learned those many years ago by observing Grandmother as she worked quietly along, without announcing her task. "If you sit and listen to them, you learn it."

Acorn preparation is laden with subtleties and requires strict attention to detail. As Julia notes about the elders she watched, "The ladies, when they did their acorn, they were very, very particular." It is this "particularness," this keen attention to detail and to the proper way of doing things that guides Julia's acorn-making from beginning to end.

As the elders taught, there were rules which must be adhered to. For instance, a person learned not to look at acorn trees lest

Tossing the acorns to winnow out the dry skins. Note the flecks of skin blowing away.



the acorns be taken away. Instead, one waited for them to fall. As the acorn was collected, there were songs and prayers. According to Julia, "We in Yosemite have a feeling about our acorn. When the acorn does come, there's dances and songs. We take from the earth, we give back to the earth, and we say 'Thank you.'" Also, everyone learned respect for the food.

Different groups use different acorn species and processing methods, with Julia's techniques being specific to the Miwok/Paiute people in Yosemite. Here the versatile black oak acorn is preferred for taste, consistency, color, flavor, and thickening properties.

Collecting

When the leaves turn yellow, Grandmother taught, it's collection time. Acorns fall from the trees twice each season. The first fall consists of unhealthy, worm- and insect-infested acorns, and it is left alone. Later, winds bring the others down, in late September or early October, depending on the weather. These good, healthy ones are heavier than the others, a quality that is felt for during collection.

Some years are better for acorn than others, a plentiful harvest occurring only every four or five years. Individual trees also vary, some bearing heavily one year but not another. But even in off years, it is still important to harvest acorn. "They told me when it comes get out and pick and gather, even if it's one basketful, so the acorn spirit will know you're happy for the acorn and next year the acorn will come."

Each woman had a special acorn tree, which was handed down through the generations. For a long time, Julia wondered how the late Miwok/Paiute elder Tabuce would feel if Julia used her tree. Then, one time, Julia noticed lots of acorns beneath the tree, as if she had Tabuce's permission. Harvesting from this and other trees is done in a prayerful way. "... I always say, 'well Tabuce, I think you're happy that I can pick your acorn. . . because I know that's what you did and that's what I would like to do.'"

Julia's favorite part is gathering the acorns off the ground. Today, she is accompanied by her grandchildren. She first places the acorn in winnowing baskets, then transfers them to a cone-shaped burden basket. For the children, she has a smaller, tougher burden basket. Finally, the acorn is transferred into gunnysacks. Sometimes, she uses the children's wagon to transport the acorn home.

Drying and Storing

Tannic acid in the nuts is a natural preservative so, once harvested, unshelled acorns may be stored upwards of ten years. However, to prevent mold, they must be dried prior to



Pounding acorns with a two-hand rock.

storage. Since animals seem less afraid of humans than in days past, Julia can no longer lay the acorns out to dry as Grandmother once did. Instead, she accomplishes this task by filling the bottoms of Pepsi boxes with one layer of acorn. Every week or so until they are dry the acorns must be turned to prevent mildew. The cardboard partitions soak up excess water. Once dried, she transfers the acorns into plastic buckets.

Storage used to occur in granaries. Built off the ground above a boulder or stump, these consisted of poles rising from the ground around which grapevine was wrapped to form a rough, open twined container. A layer of whitethorn ceanothus was placed vertically throughout the grapevine to discourage animals while, in a similar fashion, a layer of wormwood was used to repel insects. A thick layer of down-facing incense cedar bough layer a cap of cedar bark protected the acorns from rain and snow. Taller than a person, the granary was tramped down from the inside, then loaded with about 150 pounds of acorns.

Since acorns are hard to shell when green, they are usually stored for at least a year before processing. Julia remembers from that early time in Yosemite that when Grandmother wished to use a new harvest she laid the newly gathered acorns on a tarp to dry in the sun for two days. Next, Grandmother cracked the acorn shells so the inner kernel would dry faster. After about one week, the shells were removed and the remaining kernels left to dry further in the sun.

Cracking and Peeling

Once dried, Julia cracks the shell to release the kernel. To do this, the acorn is held between fingertips with its pointed end against a rock. The flatter top, once attached to the tree branch is then hit with the end of a small, elongated river rock grasped securely in the hand. The resultant clicking sound, especially when many people are working together, creates a steady rhythm.

A red, papery skin which adheres to the kernel must then be removed. Unlike some acorn species, black oak kernels are creased, making it difficult to remove the skin. To assist the process, Julia splits the kernels with a pocketknife as necessary. Next, she places them in a winnowing basket and rubs them lightly against the basket's weave to loosen the skin. Then, she tosses them repeatedly into the air so the loosened skin can blow away with the breeze. If skin still remains, the kernels are laid on a tarp or blanket, sprinkled lightly with water, dried in the sun for about an hour, and winnowed anew. Great care is taken to remove all the skin lest the maker be considered careless.

Pounding

Following this cleaning, the kernels are pounded between mortar and pestle. Like acorn trees, pounding rocks are owned. Rather than carry the heavy pestles and portable mortars to the pounding area for each use, Grand-

mother buried them nearby, then dug them up when needed. Grandmother also had a lighter-weight oak burl mortar, which she kept with her.

Unlike some areas, no hopper basket is used around the mortar hole, which is shallow, often less than one-and-one-half inches deep. Although deeper holes are used in many areas, Julia finds that black oak will build up in the bottom of deep holes, making pounding ineffective. To pound, Julia straddles the mortar in the manner of Grandmother, who used a one- to two-pound pestle. Julia now refers to such a small-sized pestle as a "one hand rock." Pounding begins with the one hand rock, gradually progressing to larger rocks, which can weigh as much as eight to ten pounds. Grasped in two hands, the larger pestles are lifted to shoulder, head, or even higher height, then guided toward the mortar. As the pestle descends, it is held lightly, the hands merely guiding it, allowing gravity to do the rest. This prevents the pounder from tiring. A rhythm develops during pounding, which Julia sometimes maintains by singing songs.

Julia feels that it is important to place a handful of leftover, partially worked meal in the mortar with unpounded kernels. This prevents semi-cracked kernels from bouncing around. She adds new kernels from time to time so the flour stays fluffy, rather than turning oily. (The natural oils in black oak acorns serve to moisturize and soften the pounders' hands.) Sometimes a kernel has a blackened area. The latter is harder than the rest of the kernel and will bounce out of the mortar during pounding.

With each pounding, the meal begins to mound around the pestle. The resultant "volcano" allows coarser, less pounded particles to fall into the bottom of the mortar as the pestle is lifted. Then, as the pestle descends, these coarser particles are ready to be reduced to a finer consistency. If, at any time during processing, some acorn falls on the ground, it is left to return to the earth spirits.

Every time Julia needs a break, she leaves the pestle standing in the mortar with the mound of meal supporting it. Ten or twelve handfuls of kernels and fifteen minutes later, the pounding is complete. At this stage, almost no meal falls back into the bottom of the mortar and, when rubbed between the fingers, the flour sticks to the hand.

Two pervasive, but incorrect, assumptions about acorn processing are dispelled by Julia. First is the notion that the flour is created by "grinding." However, no such rubbing action is used.

The second idea is related to the first, i.e., that sand or stone wears away with pounding, getting into the meal and creating tooth wear. But throughout pounding, there is no rock on rock contact. A layer of meal between the rocks creates a dull thud upon contact with



Acorn flour has been put into a sifting basket while Julia rolls up her sleeves before sifting.

the pestle. If the rocks get too close, the mortar "talks" to the pounder, the sound gradually becoming shallower. (Burl mortars have a deep hole and produce a less detectable sound.) When this happens, the process is stopped so the acorn can be re-piled around the pestle or kernels added. Also, all rock and basket surfaces are kept clean with a soaproot brush.

Sifting

Once pounded, the meal is sifted to insure its fineness. In the early years, when Julia was still learning, the sifting was done solely by Grandmother Lucy, who feared beginners might waste flour. After Grandmother died in 1953, Julia needed to sift, so she copied Lucy's motions, eventually becoming proficient.

Julia is accustomed to using the type of triangular sifting basket Grandmother used and that she learned with. To learn how to sift four handfuls of flour at a time like Grandmother, which requires a large basket, Julia started practicing with one handful.

The basket is stabilized with the left hand, being held less firmly between the right thumb above and right fingers below. The basket is then vibrated by vigorously moving the right wrist and arm up and down. This produces a distinct thumping sound as the thumb hits the inside (concave side) of the basket. With enough use, the sifter's thumb will wear a mark on the basket. (When Julia was first teaching herself to sift, she strove to imitate the thump, thump, thumping sound she remembered Grandmother making, and when she heard the right sound she knew that she had learned the skill.)

Julia starts the sifting with the basket level to the ground. Eventually, she tilts the basket toward her so that the coarser particles bounce and roll off it into another basket, later to be re-pounded. She uses the back of her hand to hit the basket so the finer particles, which cling to the weave, are loosened and can be swept into a separate basket with a soaproot brush. For Julia, her brush, given to

Julia rapidly vibrates the sifting basket, causing the coarser particles to fall into a coiled basket for later repounding while the finer flour stays in the sifter.



her by the late Western Mono elder, Ida Bishop, has special significance.

Leaching

Once sifted, the flour is ready to have its bitter tannic acid removed. This is accomplished with a leaching basin. Julia forms the basin with a mound of sand loosened with an abalone shell. Approximately a yard or more across, a saucer roughly four inches deep is created on top of the sand pile. Enough sand must be used to absorb the amount of water



An abalone shell is used to dig out the leaching basin.

necessary for leaching. Using a tradition begun after contact, Julia lays cloth from flour sacks, rice sacks, or medium weight muslin atop the saucer, creating a receptacle for the acorn.

First, she mixes the sifted acorn with water in a ratio approximating two cups of flour for four or five quarts of water. She pours this evenly over the cloth. After the water has drained, no more than one-half inch thickness of moistened acorn should remain, lest the process take too long.

To ensure even leaching, she lays a bundle of cedar fronds or pine needles, bound with cloth, across one side of the basin. This provides a water break without which holes would form in the meal, resulting in uneven leaching. Tin cups of clear water are poured into the basin whenever the flour settles. Once the water spreads, forming a film atop the acorn,



After the water drains, a waterbreak of incense cedar fronds is placed on top of the acorn and cups of water are poured over it.

the cup can be poured around the basin's rim. As leaching progresses, Julia presses out any lumps with her fingertips, a necessary attention to detail that prevents bitter, unleached portions.

Although the process can be hastened with warm water, Julia prefers using cold water for convenience and tradition. An hour or so later, the acorn has turned a whitish color whereupon she tastes a small amount to determine if the bitterness has been entirely removed.

During leaching a layer of dust, which will later be discarded, rises to the top. Beneath it the flour separates into three layers, the coarsest, heaviest particles settling to the bottom, the finest settling on top. These layers are removed by rolling the meal against the side and palm of the hand in a circular manner. The coarser layer is used to make *ūle'* (water biscuit), while the finer layer is reserved for *nū' ppa* (mush). At times, all layers are removed as a unit for cooking into a mush, which is how Julia remembers Grandmother doing it.

Cooking

Acorn is cooked with hot rocks in a basket. These rocks are either soapstone or vesicular basalt, since these won't explode when heated. Grandmother obtained cooking rocks near Mirror Lake in Yosemite Valley or went to Mariposa for soapstone. The latter were easi-

est to obtain and could be carved to enhance the desired shape—rounded and fist-sized. Also, they absorb heat faster.

Prior to their first use, cooking rocks are heated in a fire, an essential test to ensure they won't explode unexpectedly during cooking. After being heated in a fire, the rocks are removed with dogwood or oak poles. Tapered at one end, the poles are soaked in water prior to use to prevent burning on contact with the heated rocks.

One by one the red-hot rocks are lifted from the fire with the poles, dipped in a bucket of water to clean away any ash, then put into position for lowering into the cooking basket. Such water-tight coiled baskets have either a *mullenbergia* bundle or three-rod willow foundation. Prior to cooking, the baskets are soaked overnight so they swell, enhancing their water holding capability. A small amount of moist, leached meal is rubbed along the inside of the basket, then the rest of the meal is added. Next, water is added in an amount which achieves desired consistency of the finished product.



Julia pours diluted acorn into the leaching basin.

As the rocks are lowered by an assistant, they're placed onto a looped stirring stick (Southern Sierra Miwok style) held by Julia, who kneels next to the basket. She then lowers the rocks into the basket, where she stirs them slowly to distribute the heat. The basket holds three or less rocks at a time. When one rock cools, it's replaced by a fresh one. Within moments the mush begins to bubble and boil; soon, steam rises from the basket, filling the air with scents of cooking acorn. Finally, four to six or more rocks later, the meal is completely cooked.

Contrary to popular supposition, the object of stirring is to keep the acorn from burning,



A red-hot rock is received on a loop stirrer to be placed in the basket of mush for cooking.

not the basket. The basket absorbs water whenever it begins to dry out, so it won't burn whether or not the rocks are stirred. However, over time the abrasive action of stirring the rock will begin to wear out the bottom of the basket, which the Yosemite people repaired or replaced as necessary.

To make *ülē*, Julia dips cupfuls of the hot, thickened meal into a basket of cold water, where they can congeal. Any acorn which adheres to the cooking rocks upon their removal from the basket cools to form crispy "chips." These are a favorite with children.

For seasoning, one hot rock is used to "scorch" the cooked acorn. A Paiute seasoning method involves adding incense cedar, pounded to a powder. However, much of the time, acorn is eaten without seasoning, the finished product being served as one of several foods at a meal, including deer, rabbit meat or fish.

Old Ways and New

When processing acorn, Julia prefers to use the old way, explaining, "We should keep the old way here because of our children and our children's children and generations to come after us. . . ." It's a way that she finds expedient, since she's able to pound more flour in a given amount of time than she could process in an osterizer and, in the osterizer, black oak flour tends to stick. Once, when an osterizer was tried, the motor burned out.

The old way is the way which produces the desired taste. There is a distinct difference in taste between basket- and pot-boiled acorn. In a basket, the rocks provide a direct, even heat, causing the acorn to cook quickly. In a pot, the heat is indirect. The pot heats and then the acorn. Also, in a pot, the acorn tends to stick to the bottom, so it must be stirred constantly for the hour or so it takes to cook. When using a pot, Julia cautions, it

should be stainless steel lest the metal react with the acorn.

Although Julia prefers the old way, she hastens to add that modern methods have a place, especially when the necessary baskets and other implements are unavailable: "It's all in the way you want to do things."

There are times when she opts for a more modern "Betty Crocker" leaching method. This involves placing the flour in a winnowing basket covered with a muslin cloth, which is perched beneath a faucet. Water is allowed to drip from the faucet against a water break for about one hour. Warm water is used to speed the process. Alternately, a colander is used in lieu of the basket.

Another effective but more time-consuming leaching method involves placing dry acorn meal in a flour, sugar or rice sack, muslin bag

or sock. These are filled with water, which is allowed to drain. Then the sack is tied to a sink facet so water can drip through the acorn all night.

While acorn preparation is an involved process, it is infinitely satisfying. For Julia, it provides a tangible link with preceding generations and is an enjoyable way to spend one's time: "I love it. I don't have to do it."

She makes it because it is a nourishing food. Not only can one feed more people with a basket of mush than a loaf of bread, infants can eat it also. When Grandmother Lucy provided acorn to Julia's three-month-old first-born, it went down like pablum. Now Julia, a grandmother herself, finds, "My grandchildren love it. They would rather eat acorn mush than any other kind of cereal."

Most importantly, Julia makes acorn because of what it represents. "I know that lots of times I think, 'why do I do this? We don't eat it everyday. Why should I do it?' but. . . it's a special food. It was life to them in the earlier years and it is still life to a lot of us who want to learn the ways."

Making acorn is also a commitment to the future. "It will live forever and ever and ever, like the acorn has the tannic acid. . . . It will live on."

Note: In the last column an extra syllable was inadvertently added to the name of the Pit River woman who created the exquisite dance skirt. The correct spelling is Beverly LeBeau rather than LeFobean.

Bev Ortiz is a naturalist with the East Bay Regional Park District and president of the Miwok Archaeological Preserve of Marin. She has been studying, practicing, and teaching some of the skills she writes about for over ten years. Comments and suggestions are welcome and appreciated; write in care of News from Native California.

Cooked acorn mush is ready to be eaten.



Timbisha Shoshone Enrollment

The Timbisha Shoshone Tribe of Death Valley, California is in the process of preparing its first official membership roll for certification. The purpose of this roll is to officially document and certify the current membership of the Timbisha Shoshone Tribe. All persons eligible for membership are requested to apply. Enrollment applications, eligibility requirements, and membership information are available by contacting the Tribal Office:

Timbisha Shoshone Tribe
Box 206, Death Valley, CA 92328
(619) 786-2374

All current members of the Timbisha Shoshone Tribe are requested to contact the tribe as soon as possible to ensure that their enrollment file is complete and to provide the tribe with their current address.



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Multiple Images of Earth and Home

"Beyond the Boundaries of Land and Water," an exhibition of works by seven prominent California Indian artists, is being presented at American Indian Contemporary Arts in San Francisco through November 26. The show brings together George Black, Charlie Burns, Harry Fonseca, Jean LaMarr, Frank LaPena, Brian Tripp and Karen Noble. Together their works provide an intriguing and dynamic assemblage of various media and styles.

The show is titled "Beyond the Boundaries of Land and Water" because each of the artists is dealing with his or her own relationship to the earth to which we are bound. But for these artists, as for all Native Americans, the sense and dimension of those relationships is more than a physical plane of expression. Using specific symbols of their tribes, in which all are active members, the artists reconstruct and interpret their homelands as a conceptual place, bound by other, transcendent planes of experience.

In this exhibit we see a deep, abiding, and ancient relationship to Mother Earth revealed within the artistic syntax of contemporary American painting and expression. The exhibit, while unifying the artists' work along a central theme, at the same time allows for a rich diversity of interpretation, form, and experience. The artists come from a wide variety of tribes, mostly from Northern California. They all maintain strong ties to those tribes, cultural traditions, and symbolologies that give substance to their vision, and their work is presented in a broad range of media.

The American Indian Contemporary Arts Gallery is located in the Monadnock Building, 685 Market St., Suite 250, San Francisco. The hours are 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Tuesday through Saturday. For information, call (415) 495-7600.

Benefit Dinner for Manchester/Point Arena Round House

A fundraising dinner will be held at U.C. Berkeley to assist in the restoration of the historic Manchester/Point Arena Round House. The ceremonial structure, built in 1906 on the Manchester/Point Arena Rancheria, is in dire need of repairs. All proceeds from the benefit will be used to purchase redwood lumber for the round house.

The dinner takes place on December 10, 1988, from 6:00 p.m. until 11:00 p.m. at 2251 College Building, next to Boalt Hall on the Berkeley campus. The thirty dollar ticket price includes dinner and entertainment. For more information, call Alice Poe at (707) 882-2653, or Kent Lightfoot at (415) 642-1309.

All-Indian AIDS Advisory Board

An all-Indian AIDS Advisory Board has been formed of California traditional medicine people, psychologists, and MDs. The need for this board grew out of the increasing presence of AIDS among Native Californians and the inability of the medical establishment to cope with the problem. The group has received some state funding. They are in great need of raising additional funds to cover the costs of an upcoming conference. The conference will be held November 4, 5, and 6 at Chaw'se Indian Grinding Rock in Volcano. For more information about the conference or to donate money please contact The AIDS Advisory Board, 2020 Hurley Way, Suite 155, Sacramento, CA 95825.

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ASK DR. COYOTE



Dear Readers:

In the previous issue of *News from Native California*, Dr. Coyote responded to a letter submitted by Stephen Padgett of North Hollywood, who posed the question: "Can a non-Indian participate in Indian religious ceremonies?" Since that time, Dr. Coyote has received numerous responses from other readers addressing this very complex and highly personal matter. Following are just a few of the letters Dr. Coyote would like to share with you.

Dear Dr. Coyote:

Stephen Padgett's letter sent a sharp pang through me. I am Caucasian also and have a deep love of the earth. All of my life when I have been lonely, troubled, or uncertain, I have sought answers on the land. My spiritual understanding of myself, others, and of all things is rooted firmly there.

I have read widely in the philosophy and religious teachings of my own culture and have learned a great deal. However, education was not what I was seeking. As you so aptly put it in your response, Indians live their religion; they don't hold it as something separate to be "practiced." When I listen to Indian leaders speak, I hear the courage to speak from the spirit, and I hear the spiritual maturity and wisdom needed to heal nations, to heal the planet.

In your thoughtful response to Stephen was a simple and, for him and me, painful truth. To be Indian, you must be Indian. There is anguish about accepting this, but I see now that my bond with Indian ways is spiritual not cultural. Participation in Indian culture would be deeply satisfying, but in the end, it would miss the point.

Thanks for helping me to understand this.

Harvey Wilson
Danville

Dear Dr. Coyote:

Many years ago, I also was in search of a lost personal identity and turned to a study of Indian cultures and religions, hoping to find in someone else's traditions an anchor for my drifting soul. I, too, am "non-Indian," although I have never felt connected with the majority society in which I now reside.

Religion, ultimately, is a personal thing: a relationship of soul to universe, a way of living with the spirit, an attitude toward life. And ceremony is the symbolic portrayal of human relationship to spirit, shared by a cohesive community. Ceremony brings soul to meet soul, and it expresses the often indescribable and complex ideas of religion in ways that the people of a tradition can understand.

But the meanings of symbols must be

learned. Our interpretations, our understandings of symbols are influenced by our unconscious minds, colored by every event, person, object, and value in our lives. (Some simple examples: white is a symbol of purity in some cultures, of death in others; the bared human breast is a symbol of nurturing motherhood to some, female sexuality to others.)

I think, therefore, that you are right in saying that a "convert" and one born to a tradition are not the same. Each necessarily interprets the symbolic nature of the ceremonies and rituals differently, even though it might not be apparent to either of them. The outsider participating in a ceremony, even if he manages to learn all the nuances of the religion on which it is based, will in some ways always remain an outsider. And if it is true that one of the purposes of a religious ceremony is to connect soul with soul through symbol, then the ceremony cannot do its proper job for the person raised outside the tradition. I would as soon participate in another's ceremony as I would in another's dream.

M-G Ferrall

Dear Dr. Coyote:

As a person deeply involved with religious mysticism, I highly applaud your reply to Mr. Padgett. One of the things one learns, the more one studies the topic, is that (as John Campbell succinctly put it) you reach a point where the image of god stands in your way of fully understanding god.

One of the other points is that the more one understands, the greater the similarities between all belief systems. Myths and rituals differ; ideologies are remarkably similar. The various Native American myths, rituals, and symbolologies interest me from a viewpoint of seeing how the Indian peoples dealt with various universal concepts.

The more I study, the more I also find that most of the Native religions deal with a more basal level than most of the Western European traditions. But then, so does Zen Buddhism, Shinto, various varieties of European paganism, and some of the Finnish "animism" I learned from my father's example. (Interestingly, Finns also used some rituals very similar to the Native Americans, although a great deal of material on the Finnish spiritual culture has been lost).

Native American tradition does seem united in one point, though, touched on by Dr. Coyote, and which the religious seeker should bear in mind. Religion is a very personal experience, and every person's religion differs because no two people have the same life-experiences on which to draw. In true

religious thought, no guru can help you, no shaman can give you answers. One's personal relationship with the Great Power must be found on one's own.

I believe this is the reason why vision quests and other inward-turning practices are encouraged. From what I have read, it seems to me that the Native American religions recognize that two Miwok, or Sioux, or Cherokee, or Ghost Dancers, or (yes) Christians, will never hold the exact same idea of the Power Above Us. Only you can find that out for yourself. The bottom line of any religion, of any people's belief system, is that you get out of it what you put into it, and that principle is much more complex than it seems on the surface.

Jane G. Beckman
Campbell

Dear Harvey, Jane, and M-G:

Please pardon my, perhaps, overfamiliarity, but somehow or other I sense we know each other. At least I feel as if I "know" you. Up until Stephen's letter, I have felt "lonely" and "displaced," and, quite possibly for the first time in my life, I know the full meaning of what it means to be a part of and a participant in what some cultural specialists mean when they use the word "tribe" or "tribal" when referring to American Indians.

Let me explain. I am in fact a member of and a participant in a tribe; however, when I became "Dr. Coyote," I found myself without kin, without family, with no relatives. In short, I was a member of nothing and participated in nothing, with nobody to turn to for counsel, conversation, affection, and, yes, even love.

For the very first time, those feelings are undergoing change. As "Dr. Coyote," without kin, I now have a feeling of kin in a new sense of the term. My kin are you: Stephen, Harvey, Jane, and M-G. Don't misunderstand me, I am not creating a new tribe, for such a creation is a domain of the Father. All of you and all of your words are instructive for we are dealing with a topic which requires all of our talents and experiences, since All which we seek is also the Father of us all.

With affection,
Dr. Coyote

Dr. Coyote has from the beginning been involved, continues to be involved, and will forever be involved in all aspects of California Indian affairs. Dr. Coyote is a knowledgeable California Indian, who prefers to remain anonymous so as to answer questions as honestly as possible.

Letters to Dr. Coyote should be sent c/o *News from Native California*, P.O. Box 9145, Berkeley, CA 94709.